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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH



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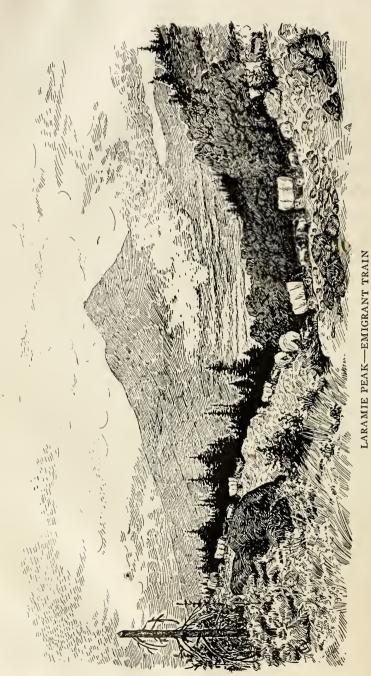
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Laramie Peak

"Here is a scene among the Black Hills, a very suggestive sketch showing rocks, timber-clad bluffs, and the wagons of a train coming down a declivity into a dry torrent bed. Wild clouds are coming over the peaks threatening a stormy night. In the distance is Lararine Peak, purple against the sky. And what a night it was that followed. Wildly the lightning licked the ground beside us. The road was deluged in the downpour of rain, and what with the sudden flashes of light, the crashing of thunder, the poor cattle were quite panic-stricken. It was hard work to make the poor brutes face the storm. Yet, after all, their sagacity was greater than ours. Several times we would have driven them over the edge of a precipice, had not their keener sense warned them back. We would have shuddered, so our captain afterwards told us, could we have seen where the tracks of our wagon wheels were made that night."-From The Pioneer Trail, a forthcoming volume by Alfred Lambourne.



A sketch by Alfred Lambourne from his forthcoming volume, The Pioneer Trail.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XVI

MAY, 1913

No. 7.

The Utah Pioneers

BY ELDER ERASTUS SNOW, ONE OF THE TWO MEN WHO FIRST ENTERED SALT LAKE VALLEY

[Sixty-six years ago in July of this year, the Pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley. Apostle Erastus Snow uttered the words here recorded thirty-three years ago, standing midway between the Pioneers and our day. Doubtless thousands of our readers may look back to the conditions that surrounded him and count the mile posts of toil and achievement in the intervening years, even as he looked back over the time to the day when the Pioneers entered the valley. Those who can thus take a view into the past must in all humility and with thankful hearts praise the Lord our God for giving us such increase in faith and numbers as we now enjoy, for his blessings and mercy, and for the growth, spiritual and material, so abundantly witnessed upon every hand. If the people shall remain true to the faith and valiant in the work of God, the progress that shall result in the coming third of a century may scarcely be estimated.—The Editors.]

I am requested to occupy some time this afternoon in speaking to the people. I generally feel a little awkward in this place, perhaps from the fact that I seldom occupy this position. The scenes before me [referring to the decorations around the Tabernacle from the day before] are fruitful in thought, carrying the mind back through the past history of the Latter-day Saints. And the events of yesterday were full of intense interest to the Latter-day Saints but perhaps none could appreciate the sight better than the Pioneers themselves. Most of that body of men had grown up almost from childhood in the Church, and those that are spared

^{*}Discourse delivered in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday afternoon, July 25, 1880. Reported by George F. Gibbs.

are in their old age, and look back with peculiar feelings to the scenes of the past, and they are not without profitable reflection.

HOME OF THE SAINTS

Many of the mottoes exhibited yesterday in our grand procession, and some I see around the gallery—for instance, "God bless our Mountain Home"—carry with them all that is associated with home—all the happiness, the comforts, the pleasures, the hope and the anxieties of home, and that, too, of such a home as God has provided for his people in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains. It is the home of the Saints, and when the Pioneers found it, it was well nigh purified by the lapse of time and the desolation of ages, and the wickedness of its ancient inhabitants well nigh obliterated, though the curse of barrenness and desolation still existed.

THE CRICKETS AND THE GULLS

I remarked vesterday, on looking at the decorations of this building, that to make the work complete that part which so truthfully represents this desert land in 1847, the sagebrush and the other growth of the desert should be besprinkled with black crickets, and perched in some prominent position, some gulls looking down eagerly upon them; which would remind us of those early days when the Pioneers and early settlers grappled with the difficulties of the desert land; when the untamed savage was scarcely an enemy or a hindrance in our pathway compared with the destructive winged insects, the crickets and the grasshoppers which would come in myriads to devour the tender crops. For the first two seasons it seemed as though the crickets and grasshoppers would consume every green thing, and after they had commenced their depredations to such an extent that to all human appearance the last vestige of the products of the field and garden would be eaten up, large flocks of gulls came to the relief of the farmer, lighting down upon the fields and covering them as with a white sheet, and they fell to devouring the insects; and when they had filled and gorged their stomachs, they would vomit them up and then fill themselves again, and again vomit, and thus they ate and devoured until the fields were cleared of those destructive insects, and the crops saved. And these white birds became almost as sacred in the feelings of the people, for the first two or three years, as the white elephant to the people of India; and I do not know but what, if they had continued their annual visits, some of our people would have been almost ready to revere them as the people of the East do the white elephant. But such a thing was not permitted in the economy of divine Providence; it was not necessary that these birds should come yearly; they came in an

opportune time to save the crops and to preserve the early colonists from starvation; and since that time comparatively few of them have been seen in the country. But the assistance of this fowl in those early years was as remarkable, nay miraculous, to us as it was for the Lord to send the armies of quails to the Israelitish camp; dropping them down in their midst in sufficient quantities to suit the cravings of the home-camp of a million people.

THE GRASSHOPPERS

Since that time, in various parts of the land, the insects commonly known as the "ironclads," more properly, flying grasshoppers, have visited certain sections of this country, doing much damage; yet the people have been in a condition to endure such visitations without serious alarm, because of our widespread settlements and the great abundance that has been produced in the country, so that if one section of the country suffered from the ravages of the insects, other sections of the country could come to their relief, and there was no imminent danger to the colonists. Not so in those early years when there was no friendly hand within a thousand miles to extend relief, and no railroads by which supplies could be transported to us, and time would not permit to send our teams a thousand miles across the plains to bring the necessaries of life; our wives and children would have been left as utterly desolate as the savages, who, by-the-by, had learned in their destitution to profit by those visitations; for when the insects would devour all the green things, they would turn in and devour the insects. And on this ground, on this city plot, the first company of savages who visited the Pioneer camp, after the exchange of salutations, retired to prepare their evening repast, and they emptied out of their sacks bushels of dried grasshoppers, on which they made their suppers. Our people had not learned to do this yet, but had it not been for the providential appearance of the gulls, we would have been brought to the same necessity-to gather up the crickets and salt and dry them to subsist upon.

FAITH OF THE PIONEERS

It was an experiment which many doubted, as to whether we could subsist our colonies in this country at all, and whether grain would mature. And James Bridger, the well-known mountaineer, who had inter-married with the Snakes, and who had a trading post which still bears his name, Fort Bridger, when he met President Brigham Young at the Pioneer camp on the Big Sandy, about the last of June, and learned our destination to be the valley of the Great Salt Lake, he gave us a general outline and description of this country, over which he had roamed with the Indians in his

hunting and trapping excursions, and expressed grave doubts whether corn could be produced at all in these mountains, he having made experiments in many places with a few seeds, which had failed to mature; and so sanguine was he that it could not be done, that he proffered to give a thousand dollars for the first ear of corn raised in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, or the valley of the Utah outlet, as he termed it, meaning the valley between Utah Lake and Salt Lake. President Young replied to him: "Wait a little, and we will show you." It was this confident hope, and this faith animating the bosom of President Brigham Young, and the Pioneers led by him, that carried this people through, and that has impelled them upon their onward course from that day to this. True, the country was unknown to us, and being unacquainted with the climate and soil, it was an experiment; but there was an assurance, a faith planted in the hearts of the Pioncer company by the Father whom we serve, that he was abundantly able to sanctify the elements for the good of his people to sustain them in this interior desert. What inspired the Pioneers with this hope and faith was, that God had pointed out the way hither; he had moved upon the Prophet Joseph before his death, to predict that this people would yet be driven from Illinois and the western States, and have to flee into the Rocky Mountains, where they would become a great and strong people. And it was under the inspiration upon this subject that he was prompted to organize an exploring party, consisting of twelve picked men, for the purpose of exploring this land and bring back an account of its facilities. in view of what God had revealed unto him. But he was slain by his enemies without being permitted to realize these expectations and without being permitted to lead his people hither. But the mantle that was upon him fell upon his successor, Brigham Young, who had the same spirit of inspiration and faith. when that band of Pioneers left the Missouri river, on the 7th day of April, 1847, they journeyed as Abraham journeyed from Ur of the Chaldees, from whence, we are told, he journeyed according to the command of God, seeking a country which God had promised him. Abraham had not seen it, neither did he know where it was, but God having commanded him to go out from the land of his fathers to a land which he should show him, he started out not knowing whither he went.

FOOD PROVIDENTIALLY PROVIDED

So did the Pioneers go without knowing whither they went. For the first five hundred miles of the journey from Winter Quarters, or the camp on the Missouri river, to Fort Laramie, on the North Platte, the country was stripped of vegetation; there was nothing for our animals to eat. There was plenty of buffalo.

antelope and deer; indeed the buffaloes were so plentiful that they had consumed everything eatable along the river, until all the Platte bottoms were as bare as a sheep yard. The vast herds of buffalo were ofttimes in our way, and we were under the necessity of putting strong guards around our animals least they should stampede; and we had to feed out what grain we had started with —for we had taken a moderate supply of grain to feed as well as for seed, and this we dealt out sparingly unto them, and indeed some began to feed out their crackers and flour and breadstuff before we reached Fort Laramie, to keep our animals from perishing, and the grass did not begin to grow to relieve our animals until we struck the Black Hills, early in June. And here we were obliged to tarry to recruit our animals, and for two or three days we rested on the North Platte while we built ferryboats on which to cross the river. And when this was done, and we had crossed the Platte and were ready to start, we found ourselves very destitute of provisions on account of having been obliged to deal out part of our supplies to save our animals. As we were about to tie up our ferryboat and take our departure, a gentleman came riding up on horseback who had struck our trail at Laramie, and he told us that a large company was a short distance behind on their way to Oregon, and they wished that we would stop and ferry them over the river. We consented to do so if they would replenish our larder, furnishing us the necessary supplies that would justify our detention. This, he said, they were more than willing to do, and offered to pay us the usual fee for ferrying over the Missouri river, and pay us in flour, and sugar, and bacon and coffee, at prices ruling on the Missouri. We stopped and ferried them over, and collected the toll in provisions; and by the time we had done this, another company hove in sight, and we ferried them over on the same terms; and then a third, until our stores and supplies were replenished so that we could prosecute our journey; and leaving a few picked men to tend the ferry, with a few empty wagons and teams to follow, the company proceeded on our way. The ferry-men remained and took over a few other companies, received their pay in provision, and then followed after Thus we realized another interposition of divine Providence in timely supplying our needs, after a severe trial of our faith and patience while passing through this buffalo country. Having thus rested our teams and replenished our stores, we continued our journey.

I mention these things as some reasons why the Pioneers were from the 7th of April to the 24th of Juy in reaching this valley. We made the best time we could under the circumstances, and

preserve ourselves and animals fit for use.

The Pioneers were faithful in attending to their prayers. So far as fresh meat was concerned, their hunters killed what game

was sufficient to supply them, and they dried considerable and brought with them, which together with the flour and groceries obtained from these emigrant companies, served us until we had finished our mission.

TRAVELED UNDER DIRECTION OF THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD

When President Young was questioned by any of the Pioneers as to the definite point of our destination, all he could say to them was, that he would know it when he should see it, and that we should continue to travel the way the Spirit of the Lord should direct us.

At the Pacific Springs, fourteen miles from the last crossing of the Sweetwater, and the first waters on this side of the Divide. we were met by an Indian trader and mountaineer known as "Pegleg" Smith, who had his trading post somewhere above the Soda Springs, on Bear River. He described to us the region of Bear River, and Soda Springs, and Bear Lake Valley, and Cache Valley, and Marsh Valley, which he had visited in the course of his hunting, and trapping and trading with the Indians. He earnestly advised us to direct our course northwestward from Bridger, and make our way into Cache Valley; and he so far made an impression upon the camp, that we were induced to enter into an engagement with him to meet us at a certain time and place some two weeks afterwards to pilot our company into that country. reason, which to this day has never to my knowledge been explained, he failed to meet us; and I have ever recognized his failure to do it as a providence of the Allwise God. The impressions of the Spirit signified that we should bear rather to the south of west from Bridger than to the north of west.

DISCOURAGED BY GOODYEAR

As we journeyed from Bridger on to the Muddy, and up the Muddy to Quaking-asp Hill, and from Quaking-asp Hill on to Sulphur Creek, and while we were camping in the vicinity of what is known as Tar Springs, we were met by a mountaineer by the name of Goodyear, who had spent the previous year in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, having come in from the west with a bano of horses, and wintered where the city of Ogden is now located—having come here the previous spring, and had fenced a small patch, and had tried the experiment of sowing grain and vegetables in a small way. But he, too, was unable to give us any hope; on the contrary, he told of hard frosts, cold climate, difficult to produce grain and vegetables in any of this mountain region. The same answer was given to him as to Mr. Bridger—"Give us time, and we will show you."

PRESIDENT YOUNG'S IMPRESSIONS CONTROLLED

As we made our way on from that point—I think it was the following day or the day after that—that the mountain fever, which was beginning to make inroads into our camp, seized President Young; and so many of our camp were affected with it that we had to stop for a season on Yellow Creek, and again at the head of Echo canyon, stopping and traveling as the sick were able to endure the journey, until we reached the Weber, at the mouth of Echo canyon, and struck our camp a few miles below the present railroad station, where we spent several days. Meantime, while in Echo canyon, President Young being unable to travel, and as the season was advancing, he felt moved upon to direct Elder Orson Pratt to take that portion of the camp, or most of them, that were able to travel and labor with their axes, picks and shovels to make roads and bridges, to commence the work of cutting their way through the mountains and canyons into this valley. And by the time they had succeeded in reaching what is called the Big Mountain, most of the rest of the company started in their trail, still leaving President Young and a few to nurse and care for him, and also a few feeble individuals to follow as soon as they were able. I well remember as we called at the wagon to bid the President good-bye, Brother Willard Richards, who had charge of those about to leave, asking if he had any counsel to give to guide our movements after we should emerge from the mountains into the open country on the west. He was barely able to support his head with his elbow resting on the pillow, and his head in his hand while he spoke feebly, in a low tone: "My impressions are," said he, "that when you emerge from the mountains into the open country, you bear to the northward and stop at the first convenient place for putting in your seeds." Some of the seeds we had brought with us should by this time have been put in the ground, such as the potatoes and other vegetables. This last suggestion from President Young controlled our movements.

FIRST TO ENTER THE VALLEY

It fell to the lot of Elder Orson Pratt and myself to penetrate through the thickets and emerge into this valley and get a view of the Great Salt Lake, as was said yesterday by Brother Woodruff, on the 21st day of July. The thicket down through the Narrows, at the mouth of the canyon, was so dense that we could not penetrate through it. I crawled for some distance on my hands and knees through this thicket, until I was compelled to return, admonished, too, by the rattle of a snake which lay coiled up a little under my nose, having almost put my hand on him; but as

he gave me the friendly warning, I thanked him and retreated. And I will here say that from that day to this, I have never waged war upon the serpent when he has kindly given me notice of his presence. We raised on to a high point south of the Narrows, where we got a view of the Great Salt Lake and this valley, and each of us, without saying a word to the other, instictively as if by inspiration, raised our hats from our heads and then swinging our hats shouted, Hosanna to God and the Lamb!

THE FIRST ENCAMPMENT—THE LAND DEDICATED

We could see the canes down in the valley on what is now called Mill Creck, south of the lower grist mill, which looked like inviting grain; and thitherward we directed our course. But when we reached it and ascertained what it really was, and remembering then the injunction of President Young, we turned northward and crossed Mill Creek on to City Creek, which appeared to us the point of our destination as indicated by the President. From this point we turned back and crossed the bench on the north side of Canyon Creek, going in on the side of the mountains, and made our way back to our working party, who by this time-10 o'clock at night—had come over the Little Mountain and formed camp near its western base. The next day our working party cut their way through the underbrush down through the Narrows from whence I had retreated, and came down to Mill Creek, south of the present mill, and camped at night. At noon on the 23rd we made our camp on Emigration Street, or the street where the street railroad runs east from the Clift House, and just below that on the old channel of the creek; the creek divided just below this Temple Block, one branch running west and the other south. It was on the south branch of the creek we formed our camp on the noon of the 23rd; and here we bowed ourselves down in humble prayer to Almighty God with hearts full of thanksgiving to him, and dedicated this land unto Him for the dwelling place of his people.

THE FIRST PLANTING AND IRRIGATING

And then we organized various working parties to get out the plows and other implements and tools, appointing some to go and plow the lands, and others to turn the water on the land to irrigate it. We found the land so dry that to plow it was impossible, and in attempting to do so some of the plows were broken. We therefore had to distribute the water over the land before it could be worked; this being done, the ground was got ready by the following day, when President Young arrived, and, as Brother Woodruff told you yesterday, he was able to plant the potatoes he had in his wagon. The 24th of July of that year was on a

Saturday, and President Young arrived at about 2 p. m. of that day; and on that Saturday night we had about six acres of potatoes and other vegetables planted, the field extending southward from about where the City Hall now stands. This was thirty-three years ago, yesterday.

THE SABBATH OBSERVED

On the Sunday all work was suspended as usual, for we always observed the Sabbath day in all our journeyings. We held our meeting and offered up our thanksgiving and prayers and sacraments before the Lord; and President Young for the first time. was able to get out of his wagon, and sit in his rocking chair and listen and direct, and he spoke to us a little from his chair, and requested that we organize ourselves into exploring parties and explore the country north, south and west; "for," said he, "it is necessary that we should learn the facilities of the country and be able to report to our brethren whose eyes are turned toward us." "But," he said, "I can tell you," this was after we had organized three exploring parties and made every necessary preparation to start out on the morning following, "but I can tell you before you start, you will find many good places and many facilities for settlement all around us, and you will all return feeling satisfied that this is the most suitable place and THE place for us to make our commencement. And here is the place to build our city." And I may add, that from that time not only did these three exploring parties bring back the word confirming what the President had said with regard to this place, but I believe it has been the universal judgment of all the people of the mountains that this was the place, and that around here were the greatest facilities, when climate, soil, timber, water and everything are taken into consideration, that it was the most suitable for our central location.

"HERE IS THE PLACE"

Brother Woodruff informed the people yesterday how President Young, as he emerged from the mouth of Emigration Canyon, lifted himself up in his bed and peered out of his wagon, which overlooked the valley, the cottonwoods on the creek, and the camp on the east side of the creek in fair view, and as Brother Woodruff told you yesterday, that President Young said then, and afterwards to all the camp, that this was the place he had seen long since in vision; it was here he had seen the tent settling down from heaven and resting, and a voice said unto him. "Here is the place where my people Israel shall pitch their tents." The same Providence that directed the Pioneers, led by our late honored President

dent, has encouraged and directed the labors of the people from that time to the present.

MEANS FOR GATHERING THE POOR

The covenant which we made in the Temple at Nauvoo, when the vote was taken to journey westward and flee before our persecutors in the western states, the covenant we made in that Temple that we would never cease our efforts until we had gathered the poor who were unable to go with us, and bring them to the place which should be selected for the gathering of the Saints, was the first thing to come up before us when we had raised the first crop and demonstrated the fact that grain and vegetables could be produced here, and that there were facilities here for sustaining a population—the covenant we had made came up before us, and we commenced our operations of gathering from the people contributions of their scanty means, which we sent back for the poor who were left by the wayside between Nauvoo and Council Bluffs and Winter Quarters, and on the Missouri river, and others who were scattered up and down the river and in northern Missouri, who were venerable and unable to proceed, and Bishop Edward Hunter was the individual to whom this sacred trust was confided, and the one who led the camp of the poor that were gathered in the year 1850. Our funds were collected in the fall of '49; and Bishop Hunter took the means and with others crossed the plains that year, and in the summer of '50 brought the first company of poor Saints by what is known as the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company, which has been in operation now thirty years, and has gathered its thousands annually. The fund was gotten up on the principle of perpetual succession, to continue increasing on condition of the people acting honestly and in accordance with their covenants, repaying the amount, as fast as they could do so, which had been advanced to them. But I very much regret to have to say that many who have been the recipients of the contributions of the poor have seemed to forget the pit from which they were digged, and the hole of the rock from which they were hewn, and have neglected their duty in this respect. However, we have abundant reason for thanksgiving for all the good that has resulted from the efforts of the early settlers and of those of later years, in contributing for the gathering of the poor in the many thousands that have been brought to this land—first those that were left behind in Missouri and Iowa and on the eastern borders of what is now Nebraska, and next the poor of the old world.

THE CHANGE IN ONE GENERATION

A generation may be said to have passed away since the Pioneers arrived in this valley, thirty-three years being deemed the

average duration of a generation at the present time. And the change, how great! The careful observer of the scenes presented to us yesterday—the representation of the trades and industries, manufactures and commerce, and the associations for the education and improvement of the youth, the great increase among the people, the comforts, not to say luxuries, of life which surround and bless the people on every hand today, present such a contrast that the heart is full to overflowing with thanksgiving and praise to our God, and ought to inspire the rising generation with great faith, courage and perseverance, knowing what has been accomplished in the past generation, and should lead them to reflect and consider what lies before us in the future.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS LATER

There is one feature, however, which contrasts unfavorably today; it is this: that among the rising generation, and even among some of the former generation still remaining, some seem unmindful of the providence of God that has led us and planted us here, and the purposes and designs of Jehovah in thus leading us here, and the great work which God requires at our hands; and some of them seem befogged; the cares of the world, the deceitfulness of riches and the pride of life turn the heads and hearts of some, and who make it possible for a certain class to thrive in our midst whose object and aim is to thwart the purposes of God and the works of the Saints. True, there is a class among us, and perhaps a large portion of that class called outsiders, or those who have not vet been able to see and understand the spirit and inspiration that moves the Latter-day Saints, there may be many of this class who are able to appreciate the industry, and the union, and the faithfulness and virtue of the Latter-day Saints, and their exertions in converting the desert into a fruitful field, and opening up this great interior country to civilization, and are inclined to award them reasonable credit for their efforts and labors. But there is another portion who are among us, not entirely for filthy lucre's sake, not entirely for matters of business, not entirely for the purposes of procuring homes as people generally are, but they are here for another purpose, some as missionaries, some professional, some like the ancient Pharisees who Jesus said compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, and when they had done so, they made him tenfold more a child of the devil than he was before. Then there are political missionaries, and sometimes missionary judges and Federal officials who, instead of faithfully performing their duty, go out of their way to cast odium upon the Saints, and draw a veil over their virtues; and who take pleasure in exhibiting their faults and greatly magnifying them. These latter classes, instead of adopting that noble sentiment of the poet, "Speak of all the best you can," do the opposite, and try to conceal what good they might speak of; their hearts seem to be a fountain of bitterness which. instead of sending forth sweet waters, are only bitter continually. That Spirit which the Latter-day Saints have received by faith. repentance and baptism and the laying on of hands, and by continuing constant in prayer, is like the fountain in the center of this building, springing up a well of water unto everlasting life, reviving all around. But the spirit which the missionaries referred to seem to have imbibed, sends forth bitter water, producing nausea and vomiting. I say the unpleasant feature of today is the fact that there are a sufficient number among our own people, who have become stupid, befogged and benumbed in their sensibilities and blinded by the cares of the world and deceitfulness of riches so that they are ready to strike hands with any whom they think can in anywise contribute to gratify their vanity, their pride, their lustful and covetous desires. Were it not for this, the existence of this class of missionaries referred to would not be possible among us. There would be nothing to encourage it, nothing for that element to feed upon. But so long as we are ready and willing, in addition to that charity which the gospel promotes in us, to let this charity overflow to such an extent that we are ready to receive into our fellowship and into our arms the serpent as well as the dove, without being able to discern between them, and perhaps fondle the serpent in our bosom until he stings us; this is an evil among us which is to be deplored.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE IN OPPOSITION

Although taking the broad view of the providence and dealing of God with the children of men, we must admit that even in this, too, there is an overruling providence, and that it is not without its good result and grand design; for one of the important truths in the ecenomov of heaven with regard to the dealings of God with men, is that they must all be exposed to temptation, all must be tried and proven by their own works as to whether they love the truth, virtue and goodness; whether they will plant the good seed in the soil of their hearts, or the evil seed; whether they will nourish and cherish the good seed, giving it a chance to grow, or whether they will allow it to be choked down by the growth of evil. Each and every one must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, and without thus being tempted and proven, and having an opportunity of being tempted and proven none could enter into glory. And in the economy of heaven the tempter seems but to perform his part of the work. The evil one, whom we call that old serpent, Satan, or the devil, is but performing the part of the work which he has chosen—I will not say the part that has been assigned to him, but the part he has chosen. And so with all those who choose evil instead of good, who receive and cherish error instead of truth, who roll falsehood as a sweet morsel under their tongue, and when the truth is presented before them and is within their reach, if they are willing to receive it, they with all those who delight in evil speaking and in evil surrounding, and in misrepresentations, indulging in envy and in everything that is evil, have their choice, they take their choice, they labor in the sphere which they choose for themselves, they walk the road and path which they themselves elect, they sow the seed and they themselves nourish the seed in the soil of their own hearts, and they reap the fruit of their own labors, whether bitter or sweet, whether lovely, pure and holy, or whether it be envy, jealousy, vituperation, wrath, malice and death; for the one road leads to death and down to damnation; the other to peace, fellowship, union and love, with all the attendant joys, glory and exaltation with the gods.

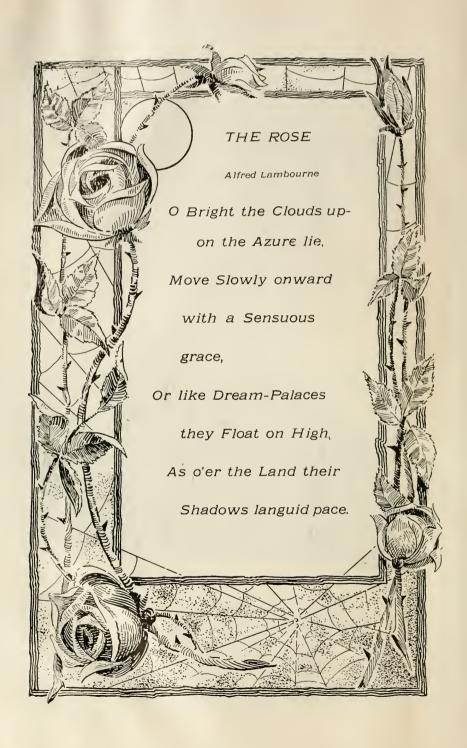
May heaven inspire us to know and understand the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and to magnify our high calling before him,

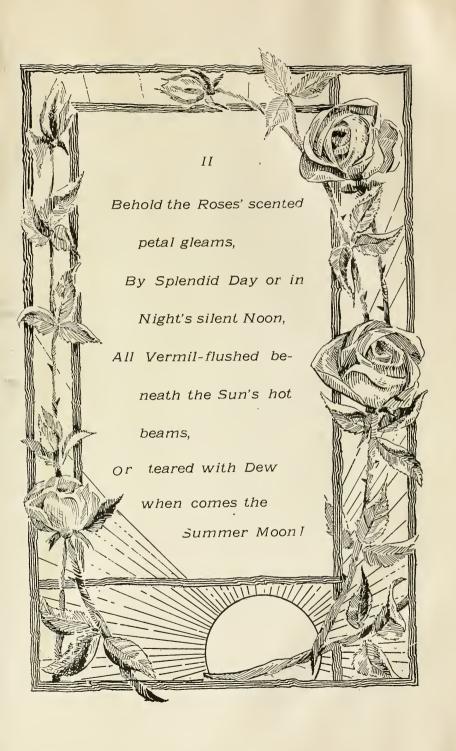
in the name of Jesus. Amen.



THE FIRST HOUSE IN NEVADA

George C. Parkinson, writing from Los Angeles, April 25, encloses this photograph obtained from Mr. David L. Aldridge. The cabin was built by his father, William Aldridge, in Genoa, Nevada, in June, 1850, being the first house in the state of Nevada, and was known as the "Mormon" station. It has since been destroyed by fire. Mr. David L. Aldridge is a native of Clay County, Mo., is now seventy-seven years of age, hale and hearty, and a very interesting character. He was born in the Church, but claims now that he does not believe in any "church" religion. His wife is dead and all his children are married, so he lives alone in a comfortablehome at No. 242 F Street, San Bernardino, Cal.





My First Broncho Ride

BY CHARLES HERMAN NORBERG.

The horse: what a wonderful creature is the horse. As a boy, my opinion of these animals was very high. That was before I ever owned one, and while I was still wishing and wishing that someone with a kind heart would see fit to bestow this gift to me.

To me the horse embodied the mighty strength of the giant, and the swiftness of the eagle; to draw great loads which big men could not move; to fly up hill and down carrying the weight of a grown man! I think there is something marvelous about this de-

serving animal.

Dutch and Jim had taught me to feel this way. Dutch was a large, fat, sorrel horse, with the disposition of a kindly man, and he had enormous strength. Jim was a steed of almost perfect stature. A shiny coat of rich brown covered him as a silken mantle. His was the swiftness of the eagle. The way he held his head, the flash from his beautiful eyes, reminded one of great pride and of the most vivid lightning. He was so filled with action that to sit upon his back and skim across the country was like a powerful tonic. Another great thing about Jim was his splendid disposition, in spite of his fiery nature.

Three of us rode Dutch many a time. His back was round and soft, like a saddle. It was almost impossible to make him trot. There was no fire in Dutch. Just a faithful, plodding gait that "got there" sooner or later. If we fell off, he was glad. The longer we were in remounting the better he liked it—the more grass he could eat. Absolutely lazy, but always to be depended upon

in a pinch: this was Dutch.

In my fancy now, I see the face of a generous, good looking uncle, mingled with the memory of a beautiful, yearling colt; and so long as I live, I shall never forget the day he came to me and

gave me this wonderful horse.

The animal excited so much appreciation and delight within me, that I shall always consider this man a prince. You may believe me when I say that this horse was no "cayuse." She was an animal any boy might be proud of. She had a shapely head, carried high. Her body was supported by four of the trimmest legs I had ever seen.

The few days following my receipt of this gift were taken up in efforts to break her to the halter. Very few young horses take kindly to the rope, and none of them will lead well at first. We were sometime getting the halter on her. She had a way of

shifting her head quickly, just as we were about to fasten the buckle.

When we tried to lead her she began to show her spunk. We tied her to a post and when she found herself detained, her very humanlike temper arose. She did not hesitate. She broke the rope.

It is in the nature of things that man must win sooner or later. Even a wild horse must come to learn that man is his master. When the colt learned this, she became the most obedient of creatures, and followed us around like a lamb.

Then I mounted her. She seemed as gentle as old Dutch. After a moment or two, I concluded that there was no danger. She took to carrying me on her back as naturally as a fish swims. The generous gift of my uncle was becoming a reality, and my own importance was growing every minute. I was actually making use of my own property. Up to this time the ownership had seemed more of a dream than a reality. Now, I was in absolute possession of a beautiful horse. There was no possible chance of my dream fading away now.

What an easy matter it was anyway to break a colt. Whoever should write my biography would have this wonderful feat to tell, "At eight, he rode his first broncho." I expected to become Buffalo Bill, the second!

As we walked through the meadow, I had a feeling that brother and sister, walking along with the procession, were mere babies. In comparison with my suddenly acquired size, they were not even reckoned. "You'd better hang on to her mane," said my little, fat sister, clapping her hands excitedly. In answer I gave her a glance of scorn and raised both hands to adjust my hat. A little movement which had a lot of meaning; and the next movement also had a strong definition. Fifteen minutes later I began to realize it. I have never had the pleasure of learning a lesson so thoroughly in so short a time before or since.

Two or three days later we christened the colt Bronc, which is still her name, no doubt, and I decided to give some other lover of Buffalo Bill the honor of breaking her to ride peaceably.

Admiral Dewey is a little past seventy-five, but looks much younger. To a friend who asked him the secret of his youthfulness, the admiral replied, "If you keep your face to the sunshine, the shadows will always fall behind you." "A very pretty sentiment." says the *Youth's Companion*, "for an old gentleman whose business has not been that of coining phrases."

SERMONETS

It is easy for a man to go wrong if he has no particular aim in life.

The man who is wrapped up in himself usually has pretty thin covering.

Never cast your vote in favor of any institution, project or policy which you can not ask our Heavenly Father to bless.

—George H. Brimhall.

In every pursuit of life it is the effort, the preparation, the discipline, the earnest labor that makes the valuable man in every department, not the mere fact of his occupying this or that position.

Whenever you get a little money ahead and begin to acquire a craving for a little flier in speculation, the best thing to do is to make the investment at once and have it over with—but make it on your own farm. There is no other place in the world where you may take a chance with futures more understandingly or with greater chances for a profitable outcome.—Farm Journal.

On a street car in Buffalo the other day a woman offered to a boy who happened to sit beside her a counterfeit nickel that the conductor had refused. She explained to the boy that he might be able to pass it somewhere. He quietly thanked her, and said, "I don't want it; I am a Scout." The answer amply justifies the whole Boy Scout movement. But what is to be said of the woman?—Youth's Companion.

A cultured person is one who is able to bring about changes in his surroundings conducive to the satisfying of his highest wants. It is the person who obtains the great uplift from his environment and who in turn furnishes the most favorable environment for the uplift of others who is the most cultured. Culture is active. Its possessor must be a doer. It is a power for good. A man of culture always exerts an influence for betterment, and the more useful he is in bringing about better conditions the more cultured he is. The Mutual Improvement Association is designed to furnish suitable conditions to aid in the development of the cultured man.—D. W. Parratt.

IN LIGHTER MOOD

From well-authenticated sources, says a writer in *Lippincott's*, we learn that the Sultan of Turkey does not care for the tune, "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

ONE TO Go.—Elocutionist: "Strike for your altars and your fires! Strike! Till the last armed foe——"

Fan: "Dat's two strikes, mister! One more an' yer out." ---New York World.

"Our new citizens quickly pick up American ideas."
"How now?" "I asked the Greek bootblack on our block if
he wasn't going home to fight, and he tells me that he is
paired with the Turk who runs the fruit stand."

The American Magazine speaks of a witty Welshman named Jones who retained his wit even unto death. In his last illness, his lawyer who was sent for, to make his will, and his physician stood on either side of his bed, when Jones calmly remarked, "Today, I am like my Savior, dying between two thieves."

A medical student was talking to a surgeon about a case. "What did you operate on the man for?" the student asked.

"Three hundred dollars," replied the surgeon.

"Yes, I know," said the student. "I mean, what did the man have?"

"Three hundred and one dollars," replied the surgeon.

The wild Indian has apparently disappeared forever. Even the great chiefs who, in native costume, watched President Taft break ground for the Indian memorial at the entrance to New York harbor a few weeks ago, were not what they seemed. One of them, whose war-bonnet shadowed a face streaked with yellow and vermilion, was looking at the great East River bridge when a bystander attempted by signs and motions to impress him with an idea of its size. After a little the Indian interrupted him with the remark, "Yes, it's some bridge, all right." He is a graduate of Carlisle. The ancestral costume was for the occasion only.—Youth's Companion.

"The Sacred Books of the 'Mormons'"

A Letter and a "Protest Against Misrepresentation"

BY STERLING B. TALMAGE, B. S., CURATOR OF THE DESERET MUSEUM

The letter and protest were written by the author in reply to an article by Professor Edgar J. Banks, in the Christian Herald, which letter is herewith reproduced, together with comment upon it by the editor of the Christian Herald. THE EDITORS.]

April 2, 1913.

The Editor, The Deseret News, City: Dear Sir-In the Christian Herald of Jan. 29, 1913, appeared an article entitled "The 'Sacred Books' of the Mormens," under the name of Prof. Edgar James Banks, of Toledo University, So many misstatements were in the article, and the treatment of the subject was so surprisingly unscientific, coming from an educator, that I thought a brief reply would not be out of place, so, on Feb. 26 last, I sent the manuscript, now handed to you herewith, to the Christian Herald, asking them to publish it in the interest of fairness; in accordance with the usual custom, I enclosed stamped and addressed envelope, with the request that they notify me of the acceptance or rejection of my article. After waiting two weeks, I wrote a letter of inquiry, and received, on March 27, the following re-

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "Bible House, New York City, March

22, 1913.

"Mr. Sterling B. Talmage, Deseret Museum, Vermont Building, Salt Lake City, Utah:

"Dear Sir-Your article on "The Sacred Books of the Mormons" which discussed a previous article by Professor Banks has been sent to that gentleman with the request that he should prepare a reply or rejoinder to appear simultaneously with yours, in the event of our deciding to publish it. As the article was largely personal we consider it only fair to have the criticsm and reply both go together.

"Yours very truly, "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. "Geo. H. Sandison, "Editor."

Prof. Banks, however, did not see fit to prepare a rejoinder. On March 31, my manuscript was returned to me by the Christian Herald, accompanied by the following note:

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "Bible House, New York City, March 26, 1913.

"Mr. Sterling B. Talmage, Deseret Museum, Vermont Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah:

"Dear Sir-We regret that we cannot devote space to the enclosed. has been read by Prof. Banks, who dces not consider that its publication would throw any new light on the presont controversy.

"Yours very truly, "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

I submit the article to you, thinking it may be of interest to those who have been following the Book of Abraham

controversy.

In view of the superficial study Prof. Banks has evidently given the question, I doubt that he is qualified to judge what would or what would not "throw light upon the present controversy." His refusal to prepare a rejoinder to my article indicates that he realizes the difficulty of patching up any sort of a plausible reply, in the light of the expose of his careless and unscientific methods of argument. But what is perhaps more to the point, the editors of the Christian Herald, which is supposedly a paper devoted to the cause of truth, prefer to stand responsible for the false statements made by Prof. Banks after their falsity has been pointed out to them, rather than open their columns to the truth, if this truth shows any likelihood of inculcating a desire in the minds of the Herald readers to study any phase of "Mormonism" rationally and without prejudice.

An editorial in the same issue of the Christian Herald contained a quotation from a letter written by Bishop F. S. Spalding to that paper. It reads:

"My object in writing the pamphlet was not to inform the world that Joseph Smith's translations were inaccurate, and that therefore his claim to be a prophet of God was invalid, but to try to convince the Mormons themselves of those facts. The rest of the world has long ago made up its mind. Writing and action, which can be described as 'attack,' no more affects the Mormon in his belief than they affected the early Christians in theirs. value of the pamphlet and the literature which may grow out of it is to be measured entirely by its effect upon the Latter-day Saints."

It may be of interest to consider at this date, nearly four months after the appearance of Bishop Spalding's namphlet, just what its value is. "measured entirely by its effect upon the Latter-day Saints." And if, perchance, we could now get the bishop to express his own opinion of the value of the literature which has grown out of

his booklet, measured entirely by this same standard, we might get something of surpassing interest.

Respectfully,

STERLING B. TALMAGE.

Mr. Talmage's reply referred to in the

foregoing letter follows:

"THE 'SACRED BOOKS' OF THE MORMONS."

(A protest against misrepresentation. By Sterling B. Talmage, B. S., curator of the Deseret Museum.)

An article under the above caption, from the pen of Prof. Edgar J. Banks, of Toledo University, appeared in the Christian Herald of Jan. 29, 1913, purporting to be an additional argument in favor of Bishop Spalding's recent denunciation of the Book of Abraham, but in reality little more than a passing notice of the Bishop's pamphlet, without raising any new points. The only new thoughts expressed in the article are decidedly original with the author, and so inconsistent with known history as to call for a word of protest against their presentation under the guise of fact.

The whole article shows that the author's acquaintance with the "Sacred Books of the Mormons" is decidedly superficial and apparently derived from hearsay only, and evinces a lack of careful study and painstaking verification of facts which seems remarkable in view of the author's scientific standing. An editorial footnote characterizes Prof. Banks as "one of America's most distinguished archeologists," and gives a list of his accomplishments along the line of archeological research. A perusal of the article itself makes one wonder whether that explanatory note was not inserted in selfdefense by the editors of the paper, that they might not be open to the charge of publishing an amateurish review of Bishop Spalding's recent pamphlet, supplemented by a few notes from some encyclopedia, and with a libera! sprinkling of purely imaginative matter.

True, the literary style of the article referred to is finished, but the author's palpable exaggerations and feeble presentation of unsupported arguments rob the article of most of its force as an argument against the divinity of Joseph Smith's work.

The first thing that strikes one in reading over this article is the number of things which the writer says can be "seen at a glance" by a mere tyro in Egyptology. Thus we are told that "The most elementary student of Egyptian may see at a glance from the translation that Smith had not the slightest knowledge of the Egyptian language, or history, or burial customs, and that the source of his inspiration

was equally ignorant of these things." Also "A mere glance at Smith's drawing, crude as it is, convinces the student of Egyptian burial customs that the Mormon prophet understood absolutely nothing of what he attempted to copy and to explain." And in reference to a certain figure "Any student of Egyptology can see at a glance that it is but the Egyptian sun-god in his boat," and more to the same effect. Apparently the author considered a superficial glance at Bishop Spaldings pamphlet sufficient, for he has simply appropriated some of the ideas expressed by the jury of scho!ars, altered the wording slightly, supplemented this with a few purely imag-inary items of "Mormon" history, and presented this to the unsuspecting editors of The Herald as his own work. NOT ONE NEW ARGUMENT against the Book of Abraham is given; every one has been already published AND REFUTED

Heretofore, the discussion has been conducted in a spirit of apparent fairness, but this author shows his lack of careful study by boldly asserting, on no authority but his own, that Joseph Smith has "altered the drawings to suit his purpose," an accusation that has not been made before, on account of its palpable absurdity. Poor drawing has been charged, even to the extent of rendering some characters illegible. All this is admitted, they were almost surely copied by one who knew nothing of the principles of Egyptian writing, but intentional arteration is a new accusation. We might, ask, if Joseph Smith intentionally altered these copies of the papyri, why was he not consistent? Why did he not alter the figure of the "angel of the Lord," in the first plate, and give it some other head than that of a bird of prey? Why did he not alter figure 4 of the third plate, and make it look more like a prince and less like a woman? The "mere glance" on which the author places so much stress might lead one to believe that many characters had had their meanings guessed at, but as Dr. Robert C. Webb pointed out in his masterly article in The Deseret News of Jan. 18, 1913, Joseph Smith's ex-ALL CONSISTENT planations are WITH THE EGYPTIAN EXPRES-SION OF IDEAS, and as Joseph Smith did not have access to any of the scholars' store of Egyptian knowledge, which had not yet been made public, he was, if not inspired, "an unusually successful guesser." A few cases in

point might emphasize this.

Take for instance figure 4 on the hypocephalus, which the author "saw at a glance" was "the Egyptian sungod in his boat." The writer did not

see fit to inform his readers that this figure is a numerical sign representing a million, and that the boat is known as "the bark of millions of years;" also he failed to state that Joseph Smith interpreted this as "also a numerical figure in Egyptian, signifying one thousand." There is a difference between a thousand and a million, surely, but Joseph Smith further explains that it is in accordance with the measurement of time on a planet where a day corresponds to a thousand years on earth, and so his thousand, according to this measurement of time, corresponds EXACTLY to a million years on earth. A remarkable coincidence, surely, and one that will require a modification of Prof. Bank's statement that Joseph Smith's translation "has not a vestige of truth in it." Dr. Webb makes the pertinent statement, "It is a curious fact that one having 'no connection with . . . European scholars' should have suspected that any numeral whatever was indicated by this figure."

Another instance demanding some explanation other than ridicule is found in figure 8 of the first plate, and figure 6 of the hypocephalus. In one case, Joseph Smith interprets the figures as four idolatrous gods, and in the other he says the picture "represents the earth in its four quarters." Prof. Banks says they are "pictures of the four jars which contained the soft part of the body when it was prepared for burian by the mummy maker," and he omits all mention of the second interpretation. Dr. Budge in the Book of the Dead says of these four canopic gods: "Originally they represented the four pillars which support the sky, or Horus. Each was supposed to be lord of one of the quarters of the world, and finally became the god of the cardinal point." Then he goes on to explain that the human entrails were, at a later stage of Egyptian history, placed in jars surmounted by the heads of these gods. Dr. Budge says, "The god of the North protected the small viscera. The god of the East protected the heart and lungs. The god of the South protected the stomach and small intestine. The god of the West protected the liver and gall bladder." The names which Jo-seph Smith is said to have originated for these deities are of little consequence. The essential point is that he interpreted them as four idolatrous gods which represented to the Egyptians the four quarters of the earth—precisely the gist of Dr. Budge's explanation. If, as the author states, "the Mormon prophet understood absolutely nothing of what he attempted to copy and explain" there remains the question of how Joseph Smith got at the explanation which is borne out by the

later researches of the closest students of Egyptian myths and religion.

In a few points relating directly to Egyptology, this "distinguished archeologist" shows us his distinguishing characteristic-that his imagination overrules his sober judgment; he says "there were none to challenge his [Joseph Smith's] translation," and fondly proceeds to imagine that none will challenge his own explanations; consequently, he makes a number of statements which would cause even Dr. Spalding's jury of capable scholars to

We are toldthat Egyptian hieroglyphics are now "as intelligible as an English newspaper." Dr. Mace, one of the bishop's "capable scholars," says "Egyptian characters can now be read ALMOST as easily as Greek." These two statements are not QUITE the same, and furthermore, Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, one of the greatest living authorities on Egyptology, says, "It must not be imagined for a moment that everything relating to the Egyptians is known, for it is not. Much has still to be done in many branches of the science. . . . What Egyptologists have already made out from the monuments and papyri is but an earnest of what is yet to come." ("The Dwellers on the Nile," p. 16.) The latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica (1910) says, regarding Egyptian translation, "The meaning of many words may be still unknown, and many constructions are still obscure; . . . The Egyptologist who has long lived in the realm of conjecture is too prone to consider any series of guesses good enough to serve as a translation." (Encyclopedia Britannica, eleventh edition, 1910, article on Egypt, p. 58.)

We wonder if the writer of the article in question has as much trouble with his English newspaper-for such an inference might be drawn from his words. Two explanations suggest themselves; either the writer's early education was so sadly neglected that newspaper writing is now hieroglyphics to him, or else is the great unrecognized thority on Egypt, and knows more Dr. Mace, Dr. Budge, than and Britannica Encyclopedia and the together. But both such suggestions will finally give way to the explanation that the author did not know and did not verify what he presents as fact. Is this another case of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing, or did Bishop Spalding make a huge mistake in not passing by his eight capable scholars, and getting the opinion of this man who can do more in reading Egyptian than anyone else has ever

claimed was possible?

Mace also speaks of about 40 of the hypocephali being known in museums, all being "similar in character." whereas the article in question refers to them as "stock hieroglyphs" and leads one to believe that all are identical (except as to age) and can be bought by the hundred. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful whether any two that have been studied are exactly alike. But the writer, with the disregard for consistency which characterhis whole article, shows hypocephali which are different in many essential details. (Both these, by the way, are stated in the descriptive line accompanying them to be from the Pearl of Great Price-the editors evidently absorbed some of the author's carelessness.) And thus the author refutes his own claim, for the two hypocephali, one which accompanied the Book of Abraham and the other from a picture published in the New York Times of Dec. 29, 1912 and said to be a facsimile of a papyrus in the Berlin museum, are, while similar in general design, different in so many details as to disprove the author's statement that the disks "are nearly alike, varying only slightly with the period from which they come."

We are also informed that the first plate which accompanied the Book of Abraham is "one of the stock pictures used at most Egyptian burials," whereas a careful search through two versions of the Book of the Dead, one by Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge and the other by Dr. Charles H. S. Davis, fails to show one picture that resembles this plate in essential details. This wholesale multiplication of identical copies exists solely and wholly in the author's imagination. Men have been known to see double under certain extraordinary but the provocation circumstances. must be great indeed to make a man thousands of exactly identical hypocephali! Prof. Banks is accredited with much success in discovering and digging out Egyptian mummies, but he seems to be quite out of his ele-ment when it comes to digging out

authentic information. The author's disregard for facts relating to Egyptology is only exceeded by his supreme self-confidence in attempting to discuss certain phases of "Mormon" history without taking the trouble to learn anything about the subject. In all seriousness he makes statements which have scarcely anv foundation in fact. His account of the "Mormons" concerning claims of the the origin of their sacred books is unmistakably his own invention-and this from a man who accuses Joseph Smith of altering the papyri to suit his purpose! Passing over his ment on of polygamy as a present-day practice. which only shows him to be twenty

years behind the times, we are confronted with certain assertions could be made only through ignorance. as no man of science would knowingly make false statements when their refutation was in print before he was born. We are told that the plates of the Book of Mormon were brought down from heaven by an angel and delivered to Joseph Smith, while the "Mormon" prophet's own statement is that he dug them up with his own hands from the spot where they had been buried by their last mortal custodian centuries before, and that he was directed through divine revelation to the spot. We are informed also that Joseph Smith translated the heiroglyphs which accompanied Book of Abraham "through the aid of an Egyptian mummy," and in another place "by the help of a mummy," a fabrication pure and simple, as the only connection between the mummy and the papyri they were buried together. If the author had taken the "mere glance," which he mentions so often, at "Mormon" history, he would have known better; instead, he let his imagination riot; and in publishing these statements under the name of science, he is libelling science, and Mormonism, and the Egyptian mummies all at once. Not only that, but his reference to "The Book of Abraham, published under the title of the Pearl of Great Price," shows that he could never have examined the book; for the Book of Abraham is but one of four sub-divisions in the Pearl of Great Price, comprising only 25 pages, including the accompanying cuts with their explanations, out of a total of one hundred two in the Pearl of Great Price. And most significant of all, the published plates CONSTITUTE NO ES-SENTIAL PART OF THE TEXT OF THE BOOK OF ABRAHAM, but are merely pictures or pictographs which accompanied it.

An editorial note asks "Will their "Mormon's"] faith [the "Mormon's"] faith stand the shock of such revelations?" Their faith has been subjected to just such "re-velations," based on misinformation and distorted facts, for more than four score years. A philosopher once gently expressed his opinion of those who rush in where angels fear to tread, by saying "He that judgeth a matter before he heareth it is not wise." We wonder what he would have said of this author who not only judges before he hears, but publishes an article which shows so plainly that the writer has not even studied the Books of the Mormons" which he professes to discuss, and exhibits such amazing disregard for accepted facts concerning the science in which ranks as a specialist. Such fabricatios, groundless charges, and gross exaggerations may have weight with people who only read one side of a question, but in this day when intelligent men like to study what they read, any writer should remember that it is at least desirable to know something concerning the subject on which he presumes to speak.

PROF. BANKS' ARTICLE. Under the title "The 'Sacred Books' of the 'Mormons,'" Prof. Banks wrote in The Christian Herald as follows:

It has been estimated that something like 20,000,000 of Egyptian mumniles have been discovered. Thousands of those best preserved are now in the showcases of the various museums of the world. In the tombs with the mum-mies were countless other objects. There were paintings on the walls, chairs and tables, jars containing the parts of the body which were removed when the mummy was prepared, mummy cases gaudily colored with funeral scenes and hieroglyphic inscriptions, and in the cases along with the mummies were papyri. Beneath each mummy's head, like a cushion, was a little disk of clay or papyrus, covered with mythological pictures and with a stereotyped hymn. The disks, found in great numbers, are nearly alike, varying only slightly with the period from which they come. "Hypocephali," they are called, because they were placed beneath the head. Like the mummies, the objects found with them have been scattered abroad, and in the museum at Cario any tourist may purchase as many of them as he will.

The inscriptions on the disks and the mummy cases, of course, could not at first be read, nor could the mythological pictures accompanying them be understood until the inscriptions could he read. However, in 1799 the famous Rosetta Stone was discovered, and Champollion, a French scholar, began the slow process of deciphering its hieroglyphic inscription with the aid of the accompanying Greek translation. The process was so slow that it was not till 1841 that a grammar of the Egyptian language appeared. Then the progress in the study of the language was rapid; the strange hieroglyphics became as intelligible as an English mythological newspaper, and the scenes were clearly understood.

About 70 years ago, before the ancient Egyptian language could be read, Mormonism appeared. Its founder, Joseph Smith, presented his followers with two books, which he claimed were of divine origin. The Book of Mormon, so he claimed, he conied from plates of gold which an angel brought to him in New York State. The book pretends to he a history of the American Indians and of a race of white people who lived in America before its discovery by Columbus. The testimony of 11 men,

who claimed that they had seen the plates of gold or the angel, was sufficient to convince Smith's followers that the book was truly of divine origin. Such testimony is always a purchasable commodity. However improbable or impossible it may seem that an angel brought down from heaven inscribed plates of gold to Smith, the final test of the truth of Smith's claims must come from the history of the American Indians and from the alleged white race. As yet scholars know little of the early history of the Indians, and the white race seems to have been imaginary. Therefore it is impossible at present to prove or disprove the veracity of the claims of Smith and of the 11 witnesses.

The second book, The Doctrine and Covenants, contains the divine laws, which, so Smith claims, God delivered to him orally. It is the laws of this book which sanction plural marriages. There were no witnesses to hear the voice of God delivering the laws to Smith. We have only Smith's own word, and to his followers that seems to have been sufficient. Therefore at present it would be difficult to prove the truth or falseness of Smith's claims.

However, there is a third Mormon book, The Book of Abraham, published under the title of The Pearl of Great Price. It is a new history of the formation of the world, from Abraham, given to Smith through the aid of an Egyptian mummy. It contains Smith's alleged translations of some Egyptian documents relating to Abraham in Egypt, and some illustrations representing God and Abraham and various dieties, which are called Egyptian. The Rook of Abraham was Smith's weak point. He did not foresee that in time the Egyptian hieroglyphs on the millions of objects in Egypt would become as clear as English characters; that the Egyptian drawings would be perfectly intelligible, and that the deception would become like an open book. Some time about 1835. Smith, so he

writes in his diary, received from Mi-chael H. Chandler some mummies and two or three pieces of papyri. They were ordinary mummies, just like the millions of others found in Egypt, and the papyri contained the stock inscriptions and drawings which were placed in the tombs of all mummies. Remember, that at that time the first Egyptian grammar had not appeared; the only Egyptian scholars were Champollion and two or three others who were trying to guess at the meaning of the Egyptian characters, with the aid of the Greek translation on the Rosetta Store. Though the Egyptian language could not yet be read. Smith, an American, without the aid of the Rosetta Stone, but by means of a special "revelation," or by the help of a mummy, translated the disks, and thus the Book

of Abraham was given to his followers. There were none to challenge his translation, for then none could read the Egyptian, and so the matter was dropped. Since then the Egyptian language has become perfectly intelligible, and recently Bishop Spalding of Utah asked the leading Egyptian scholars to verify or disprove Smith's translation.

If it were not for the prominence that Mormonism has attained; if it were mot for the debauching polygamous practices which it sanctions, Smith's translations of the Egyptian documents, and his explanation of the drawings, would be simply ludicrous and unworthy of serious notice. The most elementary student of Egyptian may see at a glance from the translation that Smith had not the slightest knowledge of the Egyptian language, or history, or burial customs, and that the source of his inspiration was equally ignorant of these things. Yet it was all taken

seriously by his followers.

One of the drawings in The Pearl of Great Price represents, so Smith says, Abraham lying on an altar about to be sacrificed by a priest. Near by is the angel of the Lord and four gods whom Smith calls by peculiar names, in the form of jars with covers shaped like the heads of animals. There is no inscription accompanying the drawing, but Smith is inspired to interpret the picture. Go to any Egyptian museum and look at the papyrl or the mummy cases, and you will find practically the duplicate of this drawing over and over again. It was one of the stock pictures used at most Egyptian burials. Smith, however, slightly altered his copy of it to suit his purpose. From the Egyptian Book of the Dead and other Egyptian writings, it is absolutely known just what the picture meant to the Egyptians who made it. Smith's Abraham on the altar is but a comhis side to whom Smith has given a knife and whom he calls a priest of Elkenah is the Egyptian god Anub's, the protecting god of mummies. dieties which Smith says standing by the sacrifical altar, and for whom he has originated the names Filkenah, Mahmackrah, Korash and Pharaoh, are pictures of four jars which contained the soft part of the body when it was prepared for burial by the mummy-maker, and like all such jars, their covers were made in the forms of the heads of a man, a hawk, a jackal and a baboon, the four sons of the Egyptian god Horus, Such jars are found in abundance, and are to he seen in most collections of Egyptian antiquities. Pictures of them are frequently drawn upon on the papyri. The object which Smith calls Abraham in Egypt is simply a table covered with lotus flowers. The hawk which he describes as "the Angel of the Lord" is the

Egyptian Horus, representing the soul of the dead man hovering over the body. Thus a mere glance at Smith's drawing, crude as it is, convinces the student of Egyptian burial customs that the Mormon prophet understood absolutely nothing of what he attempted to copy and to explain.

Another drawing in The Pearl of

Great Price shows, so Smith says, Abraham seated on Pharaoh's throne. Behind him stands the king; before him is a prince of Pharaoh, the serv-ant Shulem and a slave. Here Abraham, on the throne of Egypt, is said to be discoursing on the principles of astronomy. Above and below the picture are hieroglyphic characters. The original of Smith's crude drawing is a common stock picture from the tombs: its meaning is thoroughly understood. The seated figure is not Abraham, but the Egyptian god Osiris, before whom the dead were brought for judgment. Behind him stands his wife Isis, and before him, conducted by two figures, is the soul of the dead man. Again Smith mistakes a table covered with lotus blossoms for Abraham in Egypt.

The third drawing in Smith's Pearl of Great Price is a poor copy of the most common hypocephali, the little disks which were placed beneath the heads of the mummies as cushions, and which are therefore found in the greatest abundance. They are covered with stock pictures and with hieroglyphs containing selections of a hymn to the sun-god. Some of the hieroglyphs of Smith's copy are so crudely drawn that they are scarcely recognizable. Upon the disk, says Smith, is a picture of "God upon his throne, clothed with power and authority, with a crown of eternal light upon his head." Any student of Egyptology can see at a glance that it is but the Egyptian sun-god in his boat. The Mormon prophet's explanations of the other pictures on the disk are equally absurd, and his translation has not a vestige of truth in it. To call it self-delusion would be charitable indeed.

The Pearl of Great Price, unfortunately for the fame of the Mormon prophet, thus contains in itself tangible evidence, showing where it came from and how it came. It proclaims itself a fraud clearly and unmistakably, in terms which cannot be denied. What value, then, shall we place upon the Morinon prophet words of the other when he tells of books. that cred Mormon dictated one of them to him orally, and that he copied another from plates of gold which an angel brought down to him from heaven? There is but one answer.

THE EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The editor of the Christian Herald commented upon Prof. Banks' article,

under the heading, "The 'Mormon'

Hieroglyphs," as follows: The three hieroglyphs on page 83 of this issue are referred to by Professor Banks in the foregoing article. Dr. Flinders-Petrie discredits Smith's interpretation of the central diagram, and says it is a well known Egyptian hieroglyph, showing Anubis preparing the body of the dead; the bird is the hawk of Horus, the four gods (as Smith pre-sumed them to be) are four funeral jars for use in embalming. The diagram right on page 83 was interpreted by Joseph Smith as follows. Fig. 1, the First Creation, nearest to the divine abode, Fig. 2, Olibish holding the key of power, as revealed to Abraham; Fig. 3, God on his throne with the crown of eternal light upon his head; also the grand key-words of the priesthood as revealed to Adam in Eden; Fig. 4, the firma-ment; Fig. 5, Enish-go-on-dosh, a governing planet, said by Egyptians to be the sun. A number of the characters in this diagram were noted by Smith as mysteries yet to be revealed. The diagram on the left (page 83) is from the Berlin museum collection. It is one of the common circular discs, thousands of which have been found under the heads of mummies in Egypt. They are stock hieroglyphs, used by embalmers for almost all entombments. The illustration on this page, showing five figures, is from the Book of Abraham, and was interpreted by Joseph Smith as follows: Fig. 1, Abraham sitting on Pharaoh's throne, wearing a crown representing priesthood; Fig. 2, Pha-raoh; Fig. 3, emblem signifying Abraraoh; Fig. 3, emblem signifying Abraham in Egypt; Fig. 4, one of Pharaoh's princes; Fig. 5, Shulen a servant of Pharaoh; Fig. 6, Olimlah, a slave. Abraham is discussing astronomy in the king's court. Of this remarkable interpretation, we need say nothing further than that Flinders-Petrie declares it is a very common scene, typlfying the dead before the judgment seat of Osiris. The figures are: 1, Orisis; 2, Isis; 3, the stand of offerings; 4, the goddess Nebhat: 5, the dead per-4, the goddess Nebhat: 5, the dead person: 6, the god Anubis, the conductor of the souls of the dead.

Less than two years ago, Elder Brigham Roberts one of the ablest defenders of Mormonism, made a state-ment that the Mormon books "must submit to every test, literary criticism with the rest. . . .The book is flung down into the world's mass of litera-ture and here it is; we proclaim it true, and the world has the right to test it to the uttermost in every possible way." Now, the world has taken him at his word and has tested the validity of the Book of Abraham. A group of eminent Orientalists, including Dr. A. H. Sayce of Oxford, England, Dr. Flinders-Petrie of London University. Professor James

Breasted of Chicago University, Dr. Arthur C. Mace of the Metropolitan Museum of New York, Dr. John Peters of the University of Pennsylvania, Professor C. A. B. Mercer of Western Theological Seminary, Dr. Edward Theological Seminary, Dr. Edward Meyer of the University of Berlin, and Professor Von Bessing of the University of Munich, have examined the hieroglyphic illustration. the hieroglyphic illustrations in the Book of Abraham. These distinguished men, each of whom has large perience in Egyptian research Oriental literature, united in pronouncing Joseph Smith's translations absurd and inaccurate throughout. Dr. Mace calls the Book of Abraham "a pure fabrication" and Professor Mercer says the translations of Joseph Smith are "undoubtedly the work of pure imagination." These expert opinions from the highest sources are now supplemented by a remarkable article from the pen of Professor Edgar J. Banks,* whose contributions on archeology (many of which have appeared in this journal) have been the product of a lifetime of exploration study.

Right Rev. F. S. Spalding, Bishop of the Diocese of Utah, through whose instrumentality the whole question of the validity of Joseph Smith's translations has been publicly raised, writes

to The Christian Herald:

"My object in writing the pamphlet was not to inform the world that Joseph Smith's translations were inaccurate, and that therefore claim to be a prophet of God was invalid, but to try to convince the Mormons themselves of those facts. The rest of the world has long ago made up its mind. Writing and action, which can be described as 'attack,' no more affects the Mormon in his belief than they affected the early Christians in theirs. The value of the pamphlet and the literature which may grow out of it is to be measured entirely by its

effect upon the Latter-day Saints."
This is a very generous attitude,
Bishop Spalding is simply taking Elder Roberts at his word and submitting the "Mormon" literature to the highest test. To an unbiased mind, the result is conclusive. But, while the world may have a passing interest in the discussion, to the "Mormons" them-selves it should be a vital issue. Will their faith stand the shock of such

revelations?

^{*}Professor Edgar James Banks is one of America's most distinguished archeologists. He conducted excavations at Bisvma (1903), making discoveries dating back to 2800 B.C.; was field distinguished archeologists. rector of Babylonian expeditions, and has explored extensively in Arabia. Turkey, Egypt, etc. Is professor of languages and archeology in Toledo University, Ohio.

Dr. Pack to Dr. Peters*

We print elsewhere today some letters which have passed between Professor F. J. Pack, of the Utah University and the Rev. Dr. John P. Peters, of St. Michael's church, New York, relative to the discussion of the Book of Abraham, re-opened by the Right Rev. Bishop F. S. Spalding, of this City. The letters explain themselves.

Dr. Peters endeavors to defend the opinion he expressed in his first letter to Bishop Spalding that the author of thte Book of Abraham, "displays an amusing ignorance," because, as the learned doctor says, in that book, "Chaldeans and Egyptians are hopelessly mixed together, although as dissimilar and remote in language, religion and locality as are today American and Chinese."

We have on a former occision called attention to the fact that the closest social relations at one time existed between the ruling houses of Egypt and Babylonia, as revealed by the Tel el-Amarna letters. We need not repeat the statement already made. We merely add here that, according to Prof. George Frederick Wright, of merely add here that, Oberlin College, long before the days of Abraham "kings from Babylonia had claimed possession of the whole eastern shore of the Mediterranean, including the Sinaitic peninsula." To say, therefore, as Dr. Peters does, that the Chaldeans and Egyptians were as remote both in language and locality as are today the American and Chinese is very far from accurate.

From the Book of Abraham we infer that some Egyptian monarch had established an Egyptian sanctuary at Ur of the Chaldees, where Abraham lived, and maintained of-ficiating priests there just as Chrisoftian missionary societies in our day maintain representatives in all parts of the world; and, furthermore, that the followers after the strange gods were so many and influential at the city of Ur, that Abraham, when he sought to obtain the holy priesthood of his ancestors became the object of persecution and was told by the Lord to leave the land of his fathers. This command he obeyed, came to Palestine and eventually to Egypt. There nothing improbable in this narrative. On the contrary, it is highly probable, and it throws a flood of light upon the reason for the emigration of Abraham and his sojourn in Egypt. He went there to battle with the errors of idolatry and persecution at their very source of supply. On the information

contained in the Book of Abraham it is perfectly natural that an altar had been erected in Chaldea on which to perform religious rites according to Egyptian customs, and the statement that the altar was constructed "after the form of a bedstead, such as was had among the Chaldeans," as well as Egyptians, is not inconsistent with what is known of those ancient nations. They were so closely connected both socially and politically that they must have had many things in com-

We confess some disappointment with Dr. Peters because of the flippancy and contempt evident in his correspondence on the subject. It is very clear from his letters that has formed his judgment of the Book of Abraham without giving it half the thought and study he would have devoted to a brick tablet from Nippur. He advises Dr. Pack to go an encyclopedia for information regarding the Chaldeans, as if a professor of our University needed such silly advice, and he addresses the Editor of the Deseret Evening News at "Deseret, Utah." If that is not intended as pleasantry, we might reciprocate by advising Dr. Peters, the undisputed authority on ancient Babylonia to turn to some reliable encyclopedia learn that the capital of Utah, where The News and some other leading papers are published, is not Deseret, but Salt Lake City. Can it be that the learned clergyman needs to be reminded of our famous Salt slogan: "See America first?"

These remarks may seem irreverent, but we notice the same inaccuracy, the same contemptuous attitude in the treatment by Dr. Peters of the illustrations in the Book of Abraham. And yet, their genuineness is not disputed. The subject deserves the study and thought of impartial scholarship.

We are reminded of the fact that not more than a few years ago a great scholar, Wellhausen, declared that it was impossible to believe the story in the 14th chapter of Genesis. He said:

"That four kings from the Persian gulf should, in the time of Abraham, have made an incursion into the Sinaitic peninsula, that they should on this occasion have attacked five kinglets on the Dead Sea Littoral and have carried them off prisoners, and finally that Abraham should have set out in pursuit of the retreating victors, accompanied by 318 men servants, and have forced them to disgorge their prey,—all these incidents are sheer impossibilities which gain nothing in

^{*}Editorial Deseret News, April 8, 1913.

credibility from the fact that they are placed in a world which has passed away."

And yet, in splte of this scholarly opinion, Amraphel has been Identified with Hammurabi; Chedorlaomer, with Kudur-Lagamar; Tidal, with Tudghula; and Arioch with Erl-Aku who at one time reigned over Ur and Larsa, in Chaldea. The historicity of that remarkable part of Genesis has been

vindicated notwithstanding the attitude of skepticism. Is there, in the mistakes of eminent scholars regarding the Bible no lesson to us regarding the Book of Abraham? We think there is. The truth of the Book of Abraham will also be demonstrated by further research. This, if nothing more, has, we believe, been made sufficiently clear during the present dis-

An Offshoot of the Spalding Argument

BY FREDERICK I. PACK, DESERET PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

On page 28 of the pamphlet "Joseph Smith, Jr., as a Translator," an article appears over the name of Dr. John Peters, purported to be of the University of Pennsylvania. The present writer found it quite impossible to obtain any specific meaning from several statements of the article, and with a view of clearing the matter up sent out the following letter:

Jan. 16, 1913.

Dr. John Peters. University of Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir:

I have read with great interest your communication to Dr. Spalding which he recently rublished in a small pam-

phlet dealing with the claims of Joseph Smith the "Mormon" prophet.

The last paragraph of your letter closes thus: "The text of the chapter, as also the interpretation of the plates, displays an amusing ignorance. Chaldeans and Egyptians are hopelessly mixed together, although as dissimilar and remote in language, religion and locality as are today American and Chinese. In addition to which the Chinese. In addition writer knows nothing of either them."

I confess that I do not know just what you mean by this statement. Perhaps you would be good enough to outline your meaning in greater detail for me.

Kindly permit me to thank you for

your courtesy.

Very truly yours,

F. J. PACK. (Signed.) In course of a few days a reply came from Dr. Peters addressed from St. Michael's Church, 225 West Ninety-ninth street, New York City. It was subsequently learned that Dr. Peters is not connected with the University of Pennsylvania and has not been for the past 20 years. These and other facts were set forth in an article over the signature of the present writer

published in the Deseret News March 15.

The following letter has just been received fom Dr. Peters requesting that his reply to my letter be published: St. Michael's Church.

New York, March 25, 1913.

Dear Sir:

Under date of March 15, you published a letter from Prof. Pack to me. When I received it, I was quite unaware who the person was who had written me, the reply was written in haste and not for publication. Nevertheless, as Prof. Pack has published his letter, I think my answer to him had better be published also, and as a matter of courtesy and fairness I am sure you will be glad to do so.

Yours very truly, (Signed) JOHN P. PETERS. Editor of the Deseret Evening News, Deseret, Utah.

Following is the letter which Dr. Peters requests the Deseret News to publish:

St. Michael's Church. New York, Jan. 28, 1913.

Prof. F. J. Pack, Salt Lake City, Utah.

My Dear Professor Pack:

Turn to the "Pearl of Great Price," page 52, paragraph 8; "it was the custom of the priest of Pharaoh, the king of Egypt to offer up upon the altar which was built in the land of Chaldea, for the offering unto these strange gods, men, women and children."

Page 53, verse 13: Where the bed pictured in the cut No. 1, which is from Egyptian sources described as an altar "after the form of a bedstead, such as was had among the Chaldeans." Section 14, 20 and 23 are also specific examples of this same confusion of Chaldean and Egyptian, which runs through the whole chapter -indeed the whole of the Book of Abraham. Each individual passage referred

to exhibits the lack of knowledge with regard to Chaldeans and Egyptians independently, as well as the hopeless confusion of the two, which are, as stated, dissimilar and remote in language, religion and locality.

I do not know in what other way to answer your letter, or what specifications you want. I thought I had made my statement quite plain.

Yours very truly,

(Signed.)

JOHN P. PETERS. S. For information about the Chaldeans, turn to any modern encyclopedia, as for instance, the Encyclopedia Britannica, and look up the article under that heading. Their habitat was Babylonia, According to ancient methods of locomotion, and even today, that is from one to two months' journey from Egypt.

duties have prevented the present writer from replying to Dr. Peters' letter until very recently. Copy of reply is herewith appended:

April 3, 1913.

Rev. Dr. John P. Peters,

St. Michael's Church, New York City. My Dear Dr. Peters:

There are several things which I desire to say concerning your statement to Dr. Spalding which he published in his pamphlet dealing with the Book of Abraham, and also concerning your letter to me under date of Jan. 28, 1913.

I desire to be very frank with you and trust that in case you care to reply you will assume the same atti-

In the first place your letter to Dr. Spalding does not appeal to me as having the ring of mature thought. Such expressions as "apparently" and "if I forget not" are usually used as safeguards behind which one may seek protection in case of detected error. They are never used when one is sure of his ground.

Your opening statement concerning the "comical" nature of the plates does not convince one that you have given the matter serious consideration. The statement flavors of flippancy or pre-

judgment.

Again, the closing lines of the last paragraph are unworthy of you. You here say something that you either do not mean or cannot prove. Do you mean to say that the Chaldeans and Egyptians were as "dissimilar and remote in language, religion and locality as are today American and Chinese?" I urge you, dear doctor, fully to consider the meaning of your statement and then to give me your answer. We have school boys who can successfully controvert your present attitude.

Your closing statement "In addition to which the writer knows nothing of either of them" is a very confusing one. Whom do you mean by "the writer?" Do you allude to Joseph Smith or are you making a confession?

I had hoped to get some further insight into your meaning and in con-sequence wrote you on the 16th of January last, but your reply of Jan. 28, only tended to convince me the further of the superficiality of your ex-

amination.

The references you make are correct, but to me your conclusions are wholly unwarranted. And further, dear Doctor Peters, do you really mean to state that this alleged confusion "runs through the whole chapter- indeed the whole of the Book of Abraham?" Your statement would almost lead one to believe that you had not read the book.

The post script to your letter is discouraging. (I wonder why it was omitted from the copy forwarded to The Deseret News for publication?) Out here in Utah we do not rely upon encyclopedic articles as ultimate sources of information. We usually seek something slightly beyond that to which our school boys have access.

The information you furnish me concerning the habitat of the Chaldeans is profound, almost beyond human

comprehension.

And again, will you kindly explain what you mean in your letter to The Deseret News by stating that when you received my letter you were "quite unaware who the person was who had written?" Did I not write you upon my professorial letter heads, and did you not in turn address me accordingly?

Now, my dear Doctor Peters, I want you seriously to reconsider your statement concerning the Book of Abraham, and then to give me your mature conclusions. I would like you to go back into Chaldean and Egyptian history for your information. I would be glad to receive references (not encyclopedic) upon which you base your conclusions. In other words, work out the history of Abraham's time, the conditions under which the records were made and the long line of modifying conditions through which they probably passed in being transferred to us, and then tell me whether the "plates contained in the Pearl of Great Price are rather comical."

Above all things let me urge upon you the following: Firstly, nothing short of thoroughness will satisfy us. secondly, we must have proof for statements made and, thirdly, the farther you go into the matter the better we shall be pleased.

Very truly yours, F. J. PACK. (Signed.)

I trust that in the very near future Dr. Peters will see his way clear further to explain his attitude in matter.

FREDERICK J. PACK.

One Song

BY GRACE ZENOR ROBERTSON.

Surely the fine arts are given of God to man that he may express the divinity of his soul, and of all arts there is none more efficient than the gift of song. Music is a language which appeals to all; it holds the power to touch the hearts of men, uplift their souls and open for some the gates of that eternal city where dwells the Master of all music.

. I have listened to some of the world's best operas, and for days and days their wonderful melodies have lingered in my memory—waking or sleeping and far into the night. But the song I love best of all, is not one of these—it is not found among the classics and is not often sung, perhaps, by singers of renown; it is found among the old songs which have been laid aside as things of which one has grown weary. Often and often as I wander among earth's children, it comes back to me—its tenderness and haunting sweetness have been interwoven with the more earthly threads of life.

"When the swallows homeward fly, When the roses scattered lie—"

Sometimes, I see again, in dreams, a land I love, its white-walled towns, its slow-flowing rivers, bordered by moss-hung branches. I see the rose gardens and feel the sunshine—the burning sunshine, as it floods with gold a waste of burning sand, stretching far away toward the blue Sierra Madre mountains.

It is joy to live again the balmy southern nights, when shadows fell so slowly, so softly, over the valley—softening the rugged hills into beauty and changing the desert into a plain of peace; when the cool winds came in from the ocean and kissed the drooping leaves and flowers into life again. Sometimes the moon came swinging over the low mountains like a golden chariot, and far through the dusky, whispering trees we saw its gleaming on the river, on the white walls of the town, while from some open door-way came the soft notes of a Spanish love-song.

It was a night like this—fairer than this—it seems to me—I heard first, my song. The old-fashioned garden was a tangle of roses—great southern roses, in all their fragrant glory, mingling their perfume with woodbine which clung with sweetness to each veranda and curtained each low window of the house.

On the morrow, our missionary boy would be far on his journey to another land—a land of strangers; we would meet no

more for months, for years, and perhaps—but never would we speak our fears. We lingered those last flying moments, where so often we had stood together by the vine-wreathed pillar of the porch—silently—this night, I know not why—only I could not speak. A chime of bells pealed in the Spanish church, beyond the river and again I heard the sweet notes of a song; some-one was singing just across the way—so tenderly, so sweetly, I cannot forget, and the pathos of the song crept into my life—while the face of the man at my side was turned toward the shadow.

"When the swallows homeward fly, When the roses scattered lie.—"

When the late rose petals were scattered among the drifted autumn leaves, he came to us again—but the boyish lips could not smile to us a greeting, nor the dark eyes open at our pleading words. As a soldier he had gone out to the world with his armor of love and purity, and so—he had come back to us once more, as soldiers sometimes come to those they love.

I wonder not now that the song held for us then such strange forebodings. I wonder not that when I hear the words again with their soft music, it is to me the sweetest song of all!

PARKER, IDAHO

The Singer.

Happy be the man who sings
To men on earth of heavenly things,
And gives "life's drab" bright shining wings;
And points beyond the stars.

Revered the man who molds the dust, Takes from things the rime and rust, Teaches men in God to trust, And shows a life beyond.

True man is he who teaches men, Read the words from God's great pen, Points to things beyond their ken To signs of Greater Being.

For he shall live again in years, When kin bedew his grave with tears, And he shall bid them cease their fears— Shall help them carry all their cares, By the Spirit of his song.

AUBREY PARKER.



Chapter XI-Three Days' Rain

The starvation trip, as it came to be called, had been four weeks a thing of the past, when Ben and his father went to the Elk Mountain to ride with the J B pool, where they hoped to gather most of the steers lost in the head of Cane Gulch. The pool had been riding there more than a week when they arrived, and Foreman Dick put Ben on day-herd, and, incidentally, on night-herd, for the bunch was big and every man had to take his turn in the still hours of the night, at diverting their attention from a stampede.

Young Rojer took Flossy for night-horse, or more properly speaking, night-mare, though a pleasant one; but Alec fell heir to the easy work of the day-herd, where plenty of leisure time was spent in searching again the kind coltish eyes, and enlarging the old friendship begun at Peavine. When the J B horse-wrangler brought the band thundering down the hill to camp every morning, and each J B cow-puncher snatched his lariat preparatory to roping some reluctant creature for the day's ride, "Hold on a minute," Ben would say, "let me get a horse out of there," and when he had put his arms caressingly around the bay neck and led Alec over the bars, he would add, "Now lasso your wolverines."

The day-herders usually came to camp at dark, and, there being no cook at that time, the preparation of supper devolved on the most willing among a lot of tired men.

On the evening of Ben's first day with the herd, the whole force, herders and riders together, rode in at late dusk, tired out and hungry as wolves. From the last meal there remained only a few beans in the bottom of a stew-pan; no bread nor beef nor any cooked morsel with which to stay their gnawing hunger till supper should be prepared. But if Josh Widder had not kept

careful account of those beans being left, then he knew by instinct they were there, for without waiting to unsaddle old Pancho, ne dropped the reins, and seizing a spoon, plunged into that bean-pot with a greed that would put a starving boar to the blush. It was an action fittingly natural to his iron-clad gall—a trick which had often won him a supper the advantage in the land of Pagahrit.

When some of the public spirits kindled a fire, the fat man drew near with his pot and his spoon, intending by the fire-light to locate and gobble the remaining quart in time to unsaddle and send Pancho away with the horses. When the light fell into the stew-pan, Widder took one look, put on the lid, and staggered spasmodically away into the night.

The boys by the fire had seen it all: the stew-pan lid must have been tilted all day, for the big blow-flies of the mountain



CATCHING THE HORSES

had made that bean-pot the scene of a mighty convention; and their offspring, hatched and unhatched, hung in clusters and festoons over the defunct carcasses of multitudes of their ancestors. Just how much of this unholy mixture Widder took into his stomach is a matter of wild conjecture; but while the JB outfit fell over backward and laughed till it cried, the fat man could be heard in the convulsive process of doing with the beans what the big fish did with Jonah.

Montana and another fellow had charge of the day-herd. Old Charley Spy had been hired to help them, and he did help them most of the time; but Spy never cared to get very far from the thick timber. He loitered always near it like an old mossback steer. You might see him looming up, a ghastly apparition among the oak-brush, and the next minute you might not be able

to find so much as his track. The forest was to him what water is to a frog: if anything happened, or any new man came in sight, Spy plunged over the bank and disappeared.

"The ole man died fo'teen yea's ago," declared Montana, so-

berly, "an' it's nothin' but 'is ghost a hauntin' that ole haws."

They said they found Spy lurking above the brakes, and since they hired him for the day-herd, he had been induced to go to camp only twice in ten days. What he ate or where he slept no one knew. He came out of the woods in the morning, and plunged back into them at night. No one followed nor sniffed his tracks, for he carried a veritable cannon of a Winchester under his leg, and a wicked old Colt's .45 on his hip. He rode a sorrowful old sorrel, hip-shot and limpy, but no one ventured to test the old sorrel's speed or endurance, or play any manner of joke, practical, or impractical.

Montana smiled his approval of the arrangement, when young Rojer joined the day-herd—in fact it is not unlikely that the Southerner had asked for this same arrangement. He left the other fellow and old Spy to guard an end and side of the herd, and monopolizing Ben's company, took up a position on the opposite side and proceeded to renew old acquaintance and tell about

certain conditions in camp.

"Ye see, kid," for kid seemed to be with him an endearing term, "it's all on account a that friend a yourn," meaning Josh Widder. "He didn't have no call to interfere with me—he ain't the kind of a man I'd look at no way; but it seems that some of the fellers saw muh picture on a post-office door in Durango, an' he can't git over laughin' about it ever' time we're all in camp. He sorto intimates he'll take me in an' git the reward, soon as the round-up's over. He talks lots where they kin hear 'im, an' 'e says things that 'e ought not to say. I told 'im just last evenin' that 'e better not say no more, but 'e acted like a —— fool an' said 'e'd talk all 'e pleased in this free country. But I tell ye, kid, 'e better not say no more."

Ben understood in a minute how Widder in his overbearing, thick-nosed way, had thought to win the notoriety of driving a desperate man out of the country; and how, in his stupidity, he was propagating elements of war more dangerous to his own destardly self than he imagined. Montana was not the man to be

crowded; any sensible person would know that.

"Ye see I've come away out yere," continued the Southerner, "away f'm all muh friends an' all muh enemies, an' wanted to begin life over again, an' do things on the square. I don't want to hurt nobody no more. It's 'cause I'm sorto cast down like that I've endured yer friend as long as I have. He thinks I'm scart, that I dasn't do anything, an' e's goin' to make game of me fer the crowd."

Montana stroked the muscular neck of old Deut, and looked more forlorn than Ben had ever seen him look in the day-time. "I tell ye, kid, it's bad enough to have to hide around yere like a wolf, without bein' deviled by that ----," he said, and talked on without reserve for a long time, apparently relieved by unburdening his heart, though to no other than callow little Ben Roier. No one else had heard it. Ben's guileless, open-mouthed attention had called forth thoughts reserved from every man in San Juan county. Of course it was all in strict confidence they both understood that without saying so.

As the day drew to a close young Rojer became feverishly eager to see Josh Widder. Not that he loved that gentleman more than usual, but as he traced the lines of sadness and desperation in the Southerner's face, he believed it his duty to turn a tide which might have a deadly ending. He felt under his own finger the trigger of a situation understood by no one so well as him-

self.

When the fellows came to camp that evening, Josh came not with them; he had gone with Foreman Dick and Ben's father to camp in Hell's Half-Acre, and the three would be back next day. At least that is what young Rojer understood them to say, and he rested easy.

The mere mention that Widder would be away recalled the case of the beans, and all hands exploded as if it had just hap-

pened, but the Southerner said nothing.

"Do you remember when he swiped all our soap and sugar?"

asked one.

"Well, I should smile," answered another. "But that ain't as bad as he done with Al Holt's winter-cache of honey. When he found it, accidental, he just stopped an' et all 'e could, an' poured

the rest out an' stomped the can.'

"I was with him onct," put in a third, "carryin' salt from North Elk, an' 'e borrowed a Mexican's panniers, an' promised to send 'em back next day; but when 'e got done with 'em, 'e threw 'em down the hill an' said, 'I wonder if that --- greaser really thought I was fool enough to send 'em back'.'

Then from another quarter: "But 'e sure got crool when 'e drew down on ole Dick," and a big laugh went over the camp. Even Montana put off his reserve and joined in with the hearti-

ness of a school-boy.

Someone explained for young Rojer's benefit that Widder drew his six-shooter on the foreman, who opened his pocket-knife

and drove the thick-nose, gun and all, out of camp.

When that J B outfit had roasted the fat man to a crisp brown on one side, they turned him over and continued the roast, but the Southerner remained quiet. These souls so free to talk behind a man's back might be the first to fawn upon him and turn state's



REACHING CAMP, WORN OUT, IN THE EVENING

evidence when he should again appear. With all their loud talk, Montana knew they might use his own words to make a bad mat-

ter worse, so he merely listened.

When the herd strung out of the corral next morning, a black bank of clouds rested on the distant buttes of Mossback Mesa, and a damp, cool breeze whispered uneasily among the quaking-asps. Before noon two wood-pigeons shot furiously by and sank into the rugged depths of Hammond canyon, just as a hollow explosion in the dark cover above sent the cold drops slanting to earth. The patter of those drops on the earth became lost in the roar of drops that followed. All afternoon the oak leaves dripped, and the trails became pools and mud. By night every ravine howled with its torrent, the sky hung black and the tall pines stood deathly still, but the men from Hell's Half-Acre did not appear.

Montana induced old Spy to go with the outfit to the cabin, and take his turn riding around the corral, for a round-up of steers are never more likely to stampede, than when the night is dark and wet, and crashes of thunder break into the silence.

The cabin, never famous for its comfort in dry weather, was an ideal den of discomfort when the rain dripped through the old mud roof, and the smoke from the fire in the rude fire-place went every way but up the chimney. On this first night of the storm, Ben came muddy and bedraggled to his supper, and besides the dread of his miserable hour in the rain and the dark, and besides his rain-soaked bed and general discomfort, he felt a strange anxiety for the three men not yet returned from the lower country. Then his eyes rested on the wild man from the forest, old Spy.

Soy, to quote his own words, "chawed tubacker." His teeth were few and scattering, and when his jaws closed on that pre-

cious "tubacker," an extra fold of lips fell sometimes in and sometimes out while he "chawed," but they turned out proboscis-like, when an accumulation of juice was ready to spout into the fire. His white whiskers hung wavy and thin on each side, and under his wrinkly skin, the lean muscles revealed the shape of the hinge and socket of his jaw. His laugh was a weather-beaten cackle, which the boys took occasion to provoke by way of diversion; and his blood-shot, storm-battered eyes, pulled sorrowfully down with the "chawing," were suggestive of twin kidney-sores on a cayuse.

Once he referred to Kentucky and the turf, but seeming quickly to regret it, changed the subject abruptly. Still he delighted to talk of horses, though it were no other than the sorrel skeleton that bore him on day-herd, and in and out of the wood.



AT ONE END OF THE HERD

Ben had heard the boys say that the old man never washed, nor removed an article of clothing after having once put it on, and while he watched in the flickering light of that fire, and took stock of the villainous raiment, discolored by various time-worn stratas of gravy and dust, he decided that the J B outfit had been

too respectful of age to tell the whole truth.

Outside of the cabin the rain kept up a continual purr, and inside, the drip, drip, spatter, spatter, would have been sufficiently demoralizing, without old Charley's cadaverous face looming up in the dim light, to cast distorted shadows on the log wall, and lay the foundation of bad dreams. The night-horses stood patiently and long-sufferingly under a tree to which they had been fastened five steps from the door, and the corral full of rolicky steers was three rods in the darkness beyond them.

Ben's was the last guard. It began at three o'clock, and the

rain still fell with monotonous regularity. No glimmer of light shone from any quarter and, the position of the horses having been changed by the former guards, young Rojer soon discovered he had mounted the wrong horse. But he dared not change at that particular moment, for some influence, deep and dangerous, seemed to hover over the division of blackness which he knew to be the corral of dripping, miserable steers. Not a noise—it was not sound that arrested his attention, but silence thicker than the night itself, into which his water-soaked song would not penetrate.

Suddenly, as from a cannon on the hill-side, came a deafening erash of thunder and a brilliant flash of light. The massive pines stood plain as day, the wet quakingasps glittered over the pools of water in the trail; and while the light of that flash vet lingered on the earth, Ben saw one side of the corral disappear beneath a raging sea of fat steers. The thunder and the stampede were simultaneous. With one stiff yell to let the outfit know he was in pursuit, he put spurs to whatever horse he had mounted, and flew on after the pounding hoofs and jostling horns.

While the herd stayed together young Rojer stayed with it, through forests and over rocks, in brush and mud and the wreckage of all they could mash. To bring them back would be like rounding up chaos and driving it through space to some invisible solar system, but he knew that a shirt-tail brigade would follow quick in the wake of this mighty roar, and when the roar died down he would guide the searching party by his own voice.

Just how many of those steers got away, and where they went, nobody knows. In the gray and drizzling dawn, the half-dressed, soaked and spattered I B outfit drove up to the ruined corral with

most of the steers that took part in the stampede.

When Ben began to look for Flossy, behold she carried the cackling old Spy, who, as he felt her animating gait, grinned and laughed, as tickled as a puppy just able to walk. That mare was worth two of his sorrowful sorrel, with the cannon-Winchester and Colt's .45 thrown in; and as he climbed down and gave Ben the reins, he cackled to his old dried-up self in such a menacing. treacherous way, that young Rojer turned to nail the threat on the old man's lips. But old Charley looked innocent enough his face was calm, with old tobacco juice on his countenance in general, and every feature in particular.

It rained all day. Late in the afternoon Ben saw Josh coming alone through the trees, and was alarmed to hear that the latter knew nothing of Fred Rojer and the foreman; that he had been to the Wooden-shoes, and not to Hell's Half Acre at all. Then recollecting himself, Ben determined to suggest a change in what seemed a dangerous situation. There was nothing pleasant in the task, for he knew Montana expected him to be quiet, and he feared the thick-nose would laugh him to scorn besides making trouble later on. But the Southerner leaned on his saddle-horn a quarter of a mile away, and Ben resolved to speak. "I wouldn't like you to say that I mentioned it," he began, "but you better not tease Mont any more."

A sneer came from under the black mustache. "Huh! He's been blowing to you, has 'e? Well, you watch an' see what I do with him," and turning old Pancho away through the mud, Widder cut the conference short.

With a peculiar sense of discomfort, young Rojer watched the slickered horseman disappear towards camp. He didn't exactly regret having spoken, but he felt that his effort had stirred no relish of appreciation, and it might hasten the trouble and draw him into it.

The rain continued to fall. The night closed in black and wet, but Fred Rojer and Foreman Dick failed to come forth out of the gloom, and a growing weight of dread and apprehension settled itself on Ben's mind.

When the first guard rode out to the corral, and the boys gathered around the smoky fire in the cabin, some mysterious element of trouble began to pervade the atmosphere: everything hung at a hull—everything but the drip, drip, from the mud roof, and that grew loud in defiance. Young Rojer, thinking only of the two missing men, went to the door and held his ear to the storm. No definite sound from without disturbed the steady roar

Then Widder's menacing voice broke the spell. A slight change of position among the men followed, and Montana straightened himself in a cool, easy way, a wealth of steady nerve looking out through his gray eyes—but Josh didn't see it. Both men carried their six-shooters, as usual, and Josh carried, besides, his full array of braggadocio and insolence. All eyes sparkled with interest, ten per cent of which was to see fair play, and all the rest to see a rousing racket, the ragged edge of which had already merged on the scene.

"So you've been making yer brags to that kid," sneered Wid-

"Why, Ben, what've ye been saying'?" asked the Southerner, in surprise.

"I simply suggested that he better be quiet," explained the

"But I don't act on the suggestion of babies," blustered the thick-nose. "When a full-grown man goes sniveling around to the kids—"

At that moment Montana landed a heavy back-hander in Widder's left eye, and sent him staggering to the wall. The tall blonde followed close up without offering to strike again, and the J B outfit held its breath. A burning question debated itself in the fat man's mind. He had been humiliated before the whole

force. He would be the laughing stock for years if he let it pass, but he feared he could not use his six-shooter quick enough. The decision, characteristic of the mind that made it, was a foolish one, and the big revolver came lumbering out with about the same skill that an old maid would use in handling a boot-jack.

Montana had made his kill long ago, and found it bad business indeed. With a gun he had the speed and facility of a beligerent tom-cat, yet he left his own shooting-iron in the scabbard, and followed Josh to the wall with the ease and care of a man who knows his business well. When the lumbering weapon came out, he whisked it in a flash from the hand that held it, and brought it down with a crashing thud on the nasal zone of Widder's countenance, leaving a level open way from cheek to cheek.

Josh bellowed like a bull-calf, and went mushing to the floor with all the limpness and abandon of a wet shirt blown from a

clothes line.

The J B outfit didn't say "Good!" but a serves-you right sentiment filled the cabin, and two of the boys looked their eagerness to shake the Southerner's hand and congratulate him, if only they dared to do it. As to him, he pushed the lumbering gun in the band of his trousers, and took a seat in silence.

The Josh Widder who turned deathly sick, and lay white and still on the muddy floor, was hardly the man to drown an innocent dog, or steal long-eared calves from his best friend. Ben thought of that, and when he saw that no one in the cabin had a trace of sympathy for the prostrate man, he took an empty salt sack and a can of water, and after washing the clotted blood from around the demolished nose, he got two of the boys to help move their corpulent fellow-laborer on to a quilt and a pillow.

When Josh revived a little, he looked up at Ben with much the expression of a cow just pulled out of the mud, and though he said nothing, young Rojer fancied he saw shades of gratitude and shame chase each other across the crippled features. It may have been all fancy, but while the boy looked down through the flickering fire-light at the face he had hated, he sincerely hoped he had guessed aright about the emotion behind that ghastly wound.

When Widder had recovered sufficiently from the shock to breathe through his mouth with comparative ease, Ben went out in the rain. He looked at the black void above, and listened to the

dull, unvaried sound all around.

"Oh! where are they?" he whispered to himself. The question brought a sickening sense of apprehension. The fellows in the cabin explained it to their satisfaction by saying the two missing men were "hung up" by a flood. That seemed very likely, but somehow it failed to pacify young Rojer. He was alarmed; he felt in his very bones that something had gone wrong; and after praying under a quaking-asp tree, a firm conviction settled upon him

that he must go to Hell's Half Acre as soon as he could see the way.

The J B fellows laughed when they heard his intention. Josh, of course, didn't laugh—he held his pale face perfectly straight.

"No difference," affirmed the boy, "I'm going. I'll stand my guard tonight, but you must put someone in my place in the morn-

ing."

Young Rojer slept never a wink during that long, dismal night, and rejoiced to hear it when the time of his watch arrived. At daylight the rain fell even heavier, and as Ben filled his saddle-pockets with biscuits and rode away, he saw Widder mount old Pancho and start for town, where, as subsequent events proved, he declared he had run into a limb on the night of the

stampede.

The country was soaked; the ground, mud. Every dead tree had water at its very heart, and every trail presented a slippery footing even for a shod horse. And still it rained—rained as if it were angry that it couldn't rain harder. The boy guided old Flossie through the gloom of early morning, straight for Bear's-ears Pass, from which summit he half slid down the hill to the south, and wended his way among the wet oak brush to the head of Joshua's Trail.

The Cedar Ridge stood out black and dreary under the mists of the storm, as if each individual tree were being drowned, and Hell's Half-Acre presented only a motionless stretch of water-soaked sage-brush. "No difference—I've made no mistake," said the rider who urged Flossy down the steep, stony, greasy trail.

"They're down there somewhere, and I'll find 'em."



THE THICK TIMBER BEYOND THE HERD

But when he reached the foot of the mountain, he left the water-soaked Half-acre to the right, and wound off among the dripping cedars and soft clay banks towards Cane Gulch. Up to the present he had followed an impression more or less vague; now a definite idea began to take its place.

From the first brakes of the gulch, the crashing roar of water raised above the steady noise of the storm, and Ben had thoughts which caused a shudder, but he held Flossy to the upper brow of

the hill, and headed for a certain place far below.

Hell's Half-Acre is simply an opening in the thick cedars, with a rude, tumble-down corral in its center, a place where cowpunchers often camp when they have business in the adjacent country. Foreman Dick and Fred Rojer camped there, but when the storm began they decided to take a flying look at Long Flat,

and return to camp without attempting any round-up.

The first part of their plan carried all right, and they started back up Cane Gulch in time to have joined the outfit in the afternoon, but in the narrows they met a flood, which gave them barely time to climb a little side-hill before it swept by with its boulders and drift, making on the lower side of the two men, a barrier as impassable as the smooth cliff on the upper side. Where the torrent turned out from the cliff at the up-stream point of the hill, and where it boiled against the smooth wall below, there was no ghost of a show to pass without being hurled into the foaming caves and water-holes.

At first they felt no alarm. A flood in San Juan county is the next thing after a dry spell, but it seldom lasts many hours at a time. They had room to dismount and seat themselves on a stone in the rain, and drawing their slickers around them, they waited hopefully for the water to subside. But the water did not subside. That miserable day gave place to a wretched night, through the long wet hours of which they stood chilled and aching, and held to their bridle reins and the pack-horse's rope, to keep the three weary beasts from blundering off into the angry stream.

Morning revealed the restless water-line startlingly nearer than it had been the night before, yet the two prisoners assured themselves it could not possibly climb much higher—the clouds would surely break before noon. But all that day the muddy surface crept up, and up, and up; and in the darkness that followed, they felt it taking their footing inch by inch. The horses, standing in the edge of the stream, in the darkness and rain, grew frantic and almost beyond control, from knocks and thrusts of the more and more savage pieces of drift which shot by.

Morning again found the two men against the smooth cliff, ankle-deep in a current which was cutting their little hill from under their feet at a desperate rate. Weak with hunger and thirst.

and fatigue, and chilled and aching and numb with the cold rain, they hoped as against fate, like the two brave men everyone knew them to be. Besides whittling away their footing, the stream began to rise now faster than before, for the rain fell heavier, and the earth, soaked full, shed the storm like a shingle roof.

"Matters are coming to focus," declared the foreman.

"That's so," answered the other; "about an hour at the present rate will settle it."

"What's that?" they asked, together; for being accustomed to the roar of the flood, they detected all the more readily any sound foreign to that roar. Hearing it strong and clear again, they looked up and saw the head and shoulders of Ben Rojer, peering down over the cliff-brow above them.

If joy were not the very best stimulant of all medicines bearing that name, it is doubtful whether Ben's trip could have saved the two men, even after he found them. For, weak with hunger,



BEAR'S EALS FASS

and numb with damp and cold, they had scarcely power to take their part of the saving performance. When the lusty yells of joy changed to shouted questions and answers (for Ben could hardly distinguish their words above the flood), the boy felt like a giant, and the men below experienced a new birth of

strength and hope.

Then young Rojer dropped the end of his water-soaked lariat down the smooth wall, and after pulling up the two saddles and the pack, in mild installments, he lengthened out his rope with theirs, carried the end of it back to the first good footing, cinched the saddle tight on the pacing mare, and when all was ready, mounted, wrapped the rope around the saddle-horn and hoisted Foreman Dick up and out of impending doom. In two minutes he lifted his father in the same way, though with another rope, since the first was cut and stranded by dragging it over the rock.

When Ben had grasped the rough hand of the foreman, and heard husky words of thanks and praise, he met his father's embrace with tears of love and joy unknown to all their confidence

of the past.

They kindled a fire with cedar-bark from a rat's nest in a cave, and while the men warmed their chilled limbs, Ben went again to the cliff and looked down at the three horses, huddled in the edge of the violent stream. Then he began to consider the dizzy wall with its terrible torrent below, and his nerve, till now blind to danger, caused him to shudder and withdraw from the edge.

The saddle-pockets of biscuits dove-tailed happily into the situation, and though the rain descended unabatingly, the world looked brighter than ever before, for the great passion of love between father and son had more nearly expressed its sacred feel-

ings than on any previous occasion.

"I'm proud of you, son," affirmed Fred Rojer, when the story of Ben's coming had been told, but the boy left his answer to communion of soul with soul, for he knew no word sufficient to de-

clare his pleasure with such a union, and such a father.

By noon the three horses were swept from their footing. One of them crawled out more dead than alive on a bank below, but not so much as the bones of the other two ever came to light again. They may have found rest in the Gulf of California, and they may have been buried in the heaps of drift, or ground to pieces by the wrath of the water.

With Flossy and the one survivor of the three to carry the pack and the saddles to camp, the two men and the boy led the horses, and traveled a-foot up Joshua's Trail and back along the

course young Rojer had followed in the morning.

Late that evening, when the storm had cleared away, the J B outfit thrust its head out of the cabin door in wide-mouthed astonishment; and after listening ten minutes it took back the laugh it had inflicted on Ben twenty-four hours earlier.

In the fair days which followed, the round-up came to a well-rounded finish, containing a goodly number of the herd that had

been lost in the head of Cane Gulch the previous spring.

With at least the thick nasal region of his head put again in good order, Josh Widder came back to the round-up before its close, but he carried no gun—Montana carried it for him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Vicarious Service

BY ALICE LOUISE REYNOLDS, OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

One Sunday morning, while attending church in one of our well-known American college towns, the minister delivering the

sermon said, in substance:

Is it not a shock to the intelligence of any thinking person to be asked to believe that one person can die for the sins of another? How can the death of another possibly affect my sins? I must overcome my own sins; all such matters are entirely personal. To reason otherwise is comparable to the reasoning of the Indian who killed the first white man he came in contact with, because some other white man had killed an Indian.

That evening I attended another church, and the minister of

this church said:

There are persons who scoff at the idea of one suffering and dying for another, yet such is the way of life. We make our advent into the world through the suffering of another, and oft times the birth-pangs bring death.

I shall go still further with this latter argument, to meet a class of people in and out of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints, who insist that work for the dead is ineffective, be-

cause it is vicarious.

I would remind people who hold this point of view, that we receive our bodies vicariously. On this side our vision is clear, and we accept it without thought as the only way. Fancy spirits, in the pre-existent state, refusing to come to this earth because of themselves they cannot clothe the spirit with flesh and blood. Imagine their insisting that no development could come to them under such conditions.

Is it not likely that persons who object to a vicarious atonement, as well as work for the dead, are equally as inconsistent as a spirit would be refusing the mortal body in God's own appointed way? It is, we think, vastly better to take the poet Browning's

view of matters, when he wrote:

"Perfect I call Thy plan; Maker, remake, complete,—I trust What thou shalt do!"

The Gospel to the Lamanites

BY REY L. PRATT, PRESIDENT OF THE MEXICAN MISSION

XIII-The Gospel Restored Through Joseph Smith, the Prophet

Nephi, when he uttered the foregoing words, was talking to his brethren and explaining unto them a vision that their father Lehi had received, concerning the future of his posterity.

Again, in II Nephi 30, we find Nephi prophesying in regard

to the restoration of his people:

"And now, I would prophesy somewhat more concerning the Jews and the Gentiles. For after the book of which I have spoken shall come forth, and be written unto the Gentiles, and sealed up again unto the Lord, there shall be many which shall believe the words which are written; and they shall carry them forth unto the remnant of our seed.

"And then shall the remnant of our seed know concerning us, how that we came out from Jerusalem, and that they are descendants of the Jews.

"And the gospel of Jesus Christ shall be declared among them; wherefore, they shall be restored unto the knowledge of their fathers, and also to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, which was had among their fathers.

"And then shall they rejoice, for they shall know that it is a blessing unto them from the hand of God; and their scales of darkness shall begin to fall from their eyes; and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a white and delightsome people."

Nephi also saw that the Lord would not permit the Gentiles to forever remain in that same state of spiritual darkness that they were in when they came unto this land, because of the plain and precious parts of the gospel that had been held back from them by the great and abominable church, whose foundation was the devil; but that after the Gentiles had stumbled exceedingly because of the precious things that were held back by that church, the Lord would be merciful unto them, even to the restoring among them, by his power, much of his gospel that should be plain and precious.

He saw how the Lord would manifest himself unto his seed, and that they should write many of the things that he should minister unto them, which things should be true and plain and precious, and that through the power of the Lamb these things should come forth in the own due time of the Lord unto the Gentiles; "and among them shall be written my gospel, my rock, and my salvation, saith the Lamb."

We see very plainly from the foregoing quotations that the Lord has never intended that all of his covenant people that dwell upon this continent should perish at the hands of the Gentiles who should come among them to scatter and smite them. And we also see very plainly that the scattering and smiting of the remnant of the seed of Lehi, was not the only mission that the Gentiles had in coming to the land, but that they were to receive the fulness of the true gospel of Jesus Christ, and that one of their grand missions was to carry that grand and glorious gospel to the remnant of the seed of Lehi and Nephi who dwell upon

this land and who are a covenant people of the Lord's.

The glorious restoration of the gospel through the prophet Joseph Smith, in the year 1830, fulfils in every detail the prophecies uttered in regard to the restoration of the gospel to the Gentiles. The gospel in all its fulness and purity, with all the powers and gifts, and blessings that have ever pertained to it in any age of the world, has again been restored to man through the instrumentality of that youthful, though mighty, prophet. And the book spoken of, that should be written by the descendants of Nephi, and that should contain the fulness of the everlasting gospel of the Lamb, has been restored unto this prophet, by a mighty prophet from the race that wrote it, even the Prophet Moroni. the last one to write in it, and who sealed it up and hid it away until the time of the Lord should come that it should come forth as a new witness for God in the world, containing his gospel, his rock, and his salvation; bringing again and delivering to the world those precious things once possessed by it, but held back by the great and abominable church, the whore of the whole earth, under whose curse the world has been weighed down and held back for centuries; a divinely-inspired history of peoples, long since dead and forgotten, of whom no other history exists; peoples whose civilization and culture, evidenced by the majestic ruins of their mighty cities left standing till this day, were as great as those of ancient Egypt, and very little short, if at all, of our boasted civilization and culture of today: a key to the mystery of the origin of the American Indian, a question that has baffled the learning and science of our day: a book that contains within its sacred covers, hope, and great promises of restoration to that same Indian race, low as they have been brought by their Gentile oppressors. Thanks be to God for its restoration and for its translation by the boy prophet, through the divine inspiration of the Holy Ghost. It is now accessible to the whole world, and is read and treasured by hundreds of thousands. The gospel in all its purity has been

preached for the past eighty-two years among many of the Gentile nations of the world, and the Church has grown from its small beginning of six members, in the year 1830, till it numbers today near half a million souls, and at the present time thousands are joining yearly in the foreign missions maintained among the nations of the Gentiles.

XIV-Time of Redemption of the Lamanites

But from the foregoing it will be seen that the Lord has promised to do a work of restoration among his covenant people who are of the house of Israel, and that he will not leave them forever in their state of oppression and in their scattered condition, but that he will restore to them the truth and restore them to the land of their inheritance. And he has made it very plain through his prophets that the gospel, and their restoration through it, is to come unto them from the Gentiles, who would accept his gospel as restored among them in the latter days.

The Lord has not left us in the dark as to when this work of restoration was to begin among the house of Israel, and, as this article is dealing more particularly with that branch of the covenant people of the Lord's that dwells upon this continent, I wish to quote a few passages, contained in the Book of Mormon, that will give us to know when the Lord intended that his people

should begin to be redeemed from their fallen condition.

The words of Christ, himself, spoken to the Nephites at the time when he appeared and established his Church among them, as recorded in III Nephi 21, are as follows:

"And, verily, I say unto you, I give unto you a sign, that ye may know the time when these things shall be brought to take place, that I shall gather in from their long dispersion, my people, O house of Israel, and shall establish again among them my Zion.

"And benotd, this is the thing which I will give unto you for a sign, for verily I say unto you, that when these things which I declare unto you, and which I shall declare unto you hereafter of myself, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, which shall be given unto you of the Father, shall be made known unto the Gentiles, that they may know concerning this people who are a remnant of the house of Jacob, and concerning this my people who shall be scattered by them.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, when these things shall be made known unto them of the Father, and shall come forth of the Father, from them unto you;

"For it is wisdom in the Father that they should be established in this land, and be set up as a free people by the power of the Father, that these things might come forth from them unto a remnant of your seed, that the covenant of the Father may be fulfilled which he hath covenanted with his people, O house of Israel; "Therefore, when these works, and the works which shall be wrought among you hereafter, shall come forth from the Gentiles, unto your seed, which shall dwindle in unbelief because of iniquity;

"For thus it behooveth the Father that it should come forth from the Gentiles, that he may show forth his power unto the Gentiles, for this cause, that the Gentiles, if they will not harden their hearts, that they may repent and come unto me, and be baptized in my name, and know of the true points of my doctrine, that they may be numbered among my people, O house of Israel;

"And when these things shall come to pass, that thy seed shall begin to know these things, it shall be a sign unto them, that they may know that the work of the Father hath already commenced unto the fulfilling of the covenant which he hath made unto the people who are of the house of Israel.

"And when that day shall come, it shall come to pass that kings shall shut their mouths; for that which had not been told them shall they see; and that which they had not heard shall they consider.

"For in that day, for my sake shall the Father work a work, which

shall be a great and marvelous work among them;" * * *

"And then shall the work of the Father commence at that day, even when this gospel shall be preached among the remnant of this people. Verily I say unto you, at that day shall the work of the Father commence among all the dispersed of my people; yea, even the tribes which have been lost, which the Father hath led away out of Jerusalem.

"Yea, the work shall commence among all the dispersed of my people, with the Father, to prepare the way whereby they may come unto me, that they may call on the Father in my name;

"Yea, and then shall the work commence, with the Father, among all nations, in preparing the way whereby his people may be gathered

home to the land of their inheritance.

"And they shall go out from all nations; and they shall not go out in haste, nor go by flight, for I will go before them, saith the Father, and I will be their rearward."

Again, in III Nephi 16, Christ speaks to the Nephites thus:

"But wo, saith the Father, unto the unbelieving of the Gentiles, for notwithtsanding they have come forth upon the face of this land, and have scattered my people, who are of the house of Israel; and my people who are of the house of Israel, have been cast out from among them, and have been trodden under foot by them;

"And because of the mercies of the Father unto the Gentiles, and also the judgments of the Father upon my people, who are of the house of Israel, verily, Verily, I say unto you, that after all this, and I have caused my people who are of the house of Israel, to be smitten, and to be afflicted, and to be slain, and to be cast out from among

them, and to become hated by them, and to become a hiss and a byword among them.

"And thus commandeth the Father that I should say unto you at that day when the Gentiles shall sin against my gospel, and shall be lifted up in the pride of their hearts above all nations, and above all the people of the whole earth, and shall be filled with all manner of lyings, and of deceits, and of mischiefs, and all manner of hypocrisy, and murders, and priestcrafts, and whoredoms, and of secret abominations; and if they shall do all these things, and shall reject the fulness of my gospel, behold, saith the Father, I will bring the fulness of my gospel from among them;

"And I will remember my covenant which I have made unto my people, O house of Israel, and I will bring my gospel unto them;

"And I will show thee, O house of Israel, that the Gentiles shall not have power over you, but I will remember my covenant unto you, O house of Israel, and ye shall come unto the knowledge of the fulness of my gospel."

A careful comparison of the foregoing scripture with the prophecies that have been fulfilled in our day, and the conditions that surround us, will show us that all of the conditions that the Lord said should come to pass before the house of Israel was to begin to be redeemed have come to pass.

The Gentiles have been brought to this land of America by the power of the Lord, and they have been set up a free and powerful people, yea, even more powerful than any people upon the face of the whole earth. They have smitten the Lamanites, trodden them down, and destroyed them, until the Lamanites now only number one-tenth of what they did at the coming of the Gentiles. The gospel, in all its purity, and with all its gifts and powers and blessings and privileges, has been restored unto them, and the Book of Mormon, with its history of a branch of the house of Israel, and containing the fulness of the everlasting gospel, has been restored and translated by the power of the Lord among them, and hundreds of thousands of people now profess a belief in the book and in the principles of the gospel as restored.

XV-The Work Barely Begun

As early as September, 1830, the same year in which the Church was organized, a revelation was given to Oliver Cowdery, through the Prophet Joseph Smith, commanding that the gospel be carried to the Lamanites and that the Church among them be established.

Three others of the first elders of the Church were also called by revelation to assist him in this great work; they were Parley P. Pratt, Peter Whitmer, Jr., and Ziba Peterson; and, in

fulfilment of the call, the gospel was carried to the Indian tribes then living west of the Missouri river, and from that day to the present the gospel has been taught and maintained among some of the branches of that people (the Indians or Lamanites). Thousands of them now rejoice in the knowledge of the true gospel, and in the knowledge that they are of the house of Israel, so it would seem that the sign that was to mark the time when the Father was to begin his work among his people for their redemption has been fulfiled. It was the Savior who spoke of the matter thus:

"And when these things shall come to pass, that thy seed [the seed of the Nephites and the Lamanites, to whom he was speaking] shall begin to know these things [of what lineage they are and the fulness of the true gospel] it shall be a sign unto them, that they may know that the work of the Father hath already commenced unto the fulfiling of the covenant which he hath made unto the people who are of the house of Israel."

But truly the work of the Father, unto the fulfiling of the covenant which he has made unto his people, has only commenced, for there are yet millions of the descendants of the seed of Nephi and Laman living in this blessed land of America (including North and South America) that do not know that the true gospel is in existence; that have never heard of an apostasy or a restoration; that have never heard an elder preach the truth, and have never had in their hands a book or a tract that taught it, as restored to earth from heaven in our day.

["Upon whom rests the responsibility of carrying the gospel to the Lamanites?" will be considered in the next chapter.]

Nevada.

Sagebrush wastes and mountains grand, Lakes of hard or shifting sand, Dreariness on every hand,— That was old Nevada.

Industry now claims a share, Plenty gives, and lightens care,— Desert is not everywhere, Even in Nevada.

Hills that yield the precious gain,
Mellow fields of waving grain,
Pastures green where wastes have lain,—
In the new Nevada.

J. H. Anderson.

Little Problems of Married Life*

BY WILLIAM GEORGE TORDAN

XXI—Holding Monotony at Bay

Monotony is the malaria of matrimony. It poisons the home atmosphere, gradually exhausts the life-giving oxygen of love and comradeship and leaves one stifling in an air of discontent, protest, and rebellion. It means dull, deadly depression of spirits, a general tired feeling regarding life, weakening hope and will, loss of appetite for the trifles of every-day living, a listless, languid indifference, a nervous irritability difficult to control. takes all the brightness and vividness from the color scheme of life and thought and leaves them a cold, dismal gray. This monotony saps the vitality of mental, moral and physical resistance to trivial cares and worries that assume portentious proportions like figures blurred into bigness by a fog. It needs the fresh tonic ozone of change, the vitalizing sunlight of a new interest, the windows of life opened wide for freer air and a broader out-100k.

Monotony in married life is an insidious evil. It is hard to cure but easy to prevent. Husband and wife should realize that it rests solely with them; the conditions are absolutely within their control when acting in unity and harmony; either can do much, neither can do all. They can create an atmosphere of comradeship, cheerfulness, and courage that defies monotony. It takes so little to hold it at bay, in the beginning; it takes so much to kill it, in the end. It is easier to dodge a few snowflakes than the wild fury of the storm at its worst.

The secret of monotony is over-absorption of the head or the hands where the heart is not in it. It is the overfeeding of one side of life at the expense of the other; it is the prostrating effect of unbroken sameness in an environment. When the daily drudgery is unillumined by the conscious joy of consecration, when through brooding and self-sympathy we translate it into a treadmill of routine, then monotony holds us captive. It is what we put into life that makes it great; it is what it takes out of us that makes it mean, miserable, and monotonous.

The wife, in her devotion to her home, may place a false estimate on trifles. She may become house-bound; never crossing the threshold except when absolutely necessary; she may un-

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consciously convert her home into a prison and submerge the wife in the housekeeper. The unending repetition of the same duties, this continuous performance without change or intermission, begins to chafe and fret and weary her; it seems like the regular tramp of a vast army on the march, continually passing but never passed. The deadly routine begins to wear on her nerves, like the irritating, insistent tick of a clock in a sick-room. The narrow horizon of her living depresses her spirits; she grows fault-finding, dissatisfied, helpless and hopeless. The salt of life has lost its savor.

She must lessen the tension some way, drop the whole outfit occasionally, forget she is a machine and remember she is a human being, and get out for a change of thought and experience. Let her turn her steps to the green pastures of rest and restoration, take a walk or a drive, hear a little music or see a play, make a visit or entertain a caller, go shopping, that does not require money, for it is only buying that costs, read some book even though it is only "one of the best sellers"—anything that will freshen the mind, quicken the blood, gladden the heart, or put a new edge on life.

Some people do take duty a bit too seriously. It is delightful occasionally to turn your back deliberately and impolitely on a duty for a while, to give saintship a little vacation, for the duty does welcome you so when you return, and it does not seem half so hard. Much of our loyalty to duty is simply disloyalty to higher duties, and when we are dulled by monotony, we do not differentiate clearly between them. There are honest, earnest, good women who, like Martha of old, are "cumbered with much serving." They let the house eclipse the home, creature comfort overshadow heart comfort; they make themselves unfit companions for themselves, much less for their husbands. They should cultivate the courage to let go; they should realize that monotony is never a bargain, never worth what they pay for it.

There are other wives who have no cares nor responsibility, no tax on time or energy, no money worries; burdens of house-keeping are reduced to a minimum by the help of efficient servants; the children are away at school. These wives, too, often face monotony. It is not the monotony of work, but of leisure. It means time that must be lived through, somehow, hours of idleness, loneliness, moodiness, with no deep compelling interest to consecrate them to highest usefulness. Sometimes social duties may prove as exacting as real labor, and in the monotony of parties, receptions, balls, calls, driving, musicales and dinners, husband and wife may really enjoy a quiet evening at home where they may become acquainted again.

In the absorption of making money for the support of home and family a husband may lose the true perspective of life. He

may become unduly anxious for more money; he may key his desires too high; he may be sacrificing too much of his real self in acquiring wealth. In over-absorption in providing all that money can buy he may forget the greater things that mere money cannot buy, forget that mere material things do not bring real happiness. If he goes home tired, physically, mentally and morally, and is pre-occupied and silent or irritable and fault-finding, he is drifting towards the rocks of matrimonial monotony. He is sinking the husband in the treasurer, the lover and companion in the business man. He should lighten the pressure if it be possible; if not he must make a mighty effort to neutralize its effects rather than intensify them, to disinfect his mood with cheerfulness.

The failure of many marriages is not any great positive wrong or even a series of lesser wrongs, but just lapsing into the omission of words and acts of love, comradeship, thoughtfulness, confidence and interest that mean the joy of life; it is surrender to monotony that may at last bring revolt and a break for freedom. And two who have loved may just grow tired of each other, hardly knowing why or when or how—and both may be to blame.

Monotony means surrender to an environment, not conquest of it. Man is the only animal that can consciously change from within, change manners, thoughts, impulses, desires, dreams, ideals. Man is the only animal that can consciously modify his environment, by deliberate choice move to an entirely different one, transform an old or create a new environment. All the other animals are derelicts carried along by currents of instinct, habits, hungers and environment; man can head his craft towards any harbor despite the currents. If husband and wife determine to keep the ship of matrimony out in the free open sea far from the shoals of monotony and hidden reefs of discord, it depends solely on their navigation, not on winds, tides or outside forces.

The blight of monotony is not solely one of wealth or of poverty. The less the income and the more restricted the life the less is required to do something that will break the spell of monotony, that will bring a change, a new impulse, a new impetus, a new inspiration. A dinner away from home, an evening at the theatre, a long ride or a sail, a day at the beach, a walk in the country, a visit or a guest, some new books, may be the trifle that may break the deadly dullness of uniformity. The two must realize that the monotony is in them rather than in conditions, but changing the conditions or the thought of changing them often has a tonic reaction. It is at least—a start. It is the conscious conquest of environment.

Business men realize the effect of cleanliness, comfort, convenience and change in making a store more attractive to cus-

tomers. They vary the display in the shop-windows, they decorate in harmony with the seasons, they rearrange departments, they continuously seek to banish monotony. This philosophy of change might well be introduced in many homes where the same articles of furniture stand in the same places for years as if they were built into the walls. Rearranging the furnishings, changing the position of the pictures, packing out of sight the surplus of ornaments and bric-a-brac that make rooms look like museums, and bringing them out later and retiring the old ones, may freshen and brighten a home and give a new life and inspiration. Flowers in a room, a window-box of green growing things or a touch of color somewhere work wonders in a simple way.

There is a tendency on the part of many married people to surrender to their moods, not to bother about making themselves agreeable to each other. There are times when a guest comes to the home and the husband may be surprised to see how entertaining his wife can be; he hears her tell stories and incidents that are new to him, that amuse and brighten the atmosphere. He may narrate entertaining episodes of his business life, talk interestingly of new inventions, new discoveries, city improvements, national men and measures, facts and fancies from his reading, observation and experience, and she may look across the table in a pleased wonder and try to keep back the expression of her rebellious protest that with her alone he usually surpasses the oyster in silence, except on the old subjects now talked to tatters.

Monotony comes from many causes; it can be held at bay in many ways. The courtship method helps by keeping the two from settling down into a matter-of-fact, hum-drum existence, by hallowing trifles, by banishing a sense of duty and putting the spontaneity of love in its stead. Comradeship helps, too; it puts both on a basis of consecrated friendship, willing to take uncomplainingly together the rough or the smooth, the lights or the shadows, the deeps or the shallows of living, just as equals, with no awe, no oppressive dignity, no fear, but with freedom, frankness, full respect and confidence that smiles away sorrow and suspicion.

Humor helps; it livens trifles, takes the sting out of little troubles and miseries. When the servant leaves at four minutes' notice, there need not be grumbling, and protest, and fretting. What if the meals are not up to par or the house not manicured and given a heavy polish, for a day or two? There is no need for worry, the world is not yet come to an end. If taken in the right spirit it may be a picnic time for both. Children have the advantage of us older folks; they know how to pretend and to play things are different from what they are.

A little of this spirit, sometimes, keeps us young; it brings imagination to the rescue; it crowds out the oppressiveness of the serious side of things when tears may be just trembling near the

edge of the eyelids, like actors in the wings waiting their cue. An honest laugh is worth a hundred sighs in any market. It does not really make much difference if the humor seem a bit home-made and show signs of wear, if it please the two, who enjoy without criticizing, and carry a bubbling laugh from their lips to their

living.

Reading aloud, music in the home, the romping play of the children, the welcome guest—all help to keep monotony at bay. Looking out for the joy-notes in the commonplaces, finding happiness like a four-leaf clover because we know just where to look for it, seeing reason for thankfulness in what we have rather than regret in what we have not, singing and smiling at one's work, make monotony fade away like mist before the sun of the morning. Really loving one's home is the best way to make it worth loving; having a pride in it will make it proud of us. Doing more for each other intensifies love, for we love most those for whom we do most. Love grows and gains by giving.

Let us hold monotony at bay by utilizing to the full our trifles of possibility. If we cannot go to Europe or even take a trip to the mountains or the sea, let us take a trolley ride or a walk; if we cannot do even these let us look out of the window and smile—do anything that breaks our over-absorption. If two kill monotony in their hearts, they will kill it in their lives and they will be just glad and happy that they have—each other.

("The Tyranny of too Tight a Rein" will be the subject of the next article in this series.)

A correspondent sends to a Paris contemporary an amusing contest of wit which he recently heard in a railway carriage on a journey between Compiegne and Rove. There were several passengers. One believed himself to possess a fund of humor which he intended to expend on a priest who got in at one of the intermediate stations. Bestowing a patronizing look on the clergyman, he said:

"Have you heard the news, Monsieur le cure?"

"No, my friend, I have not," was the reply; "I have been out all day, and have not had time to glance at the papers."

Then said the traveler: "It is something dreadful; the devil is dead."

"Indeed," replied the ecclesiastic, without the smallest surprise or displeasure. Then, seeming deeply touched, he added: "Monsieur, I have always taken the greatest interest in orphans. Will you accept these two sous?"

The wit, we are told, retired as gracefully and as quickly as he was able.—London Globe.

Booker T. Washington's Views of the "Mormons"

The famous Booker T. Washington, who recently visited Salt Lake City, has written an article for the New York Age, (April 17) the leading negro newspaper of the United States, in which he tells about his visit to Salt Lake City. Among other things he declares that the "Mormons" have been misrepresented, and that the worst of the "Mormon" life is generally advertised. We quote from his long and interesting account:

"The 'Mormon' Church was first organized in New York state only eighty-three years ago. From 150 (143) people, hardy pioneers, who entered Utah sixty-six years ago, the number has grown year by year until in Utah there are now over 300,000 'Mormons,' and they have certainly made the desert blossom as the rose. I have never been among a more healthy, clean, progressive set of people than these people are. All through Utah they have turned the desert into gardens and orchards. Wherever one finds a 'Mormon' colony there he finds the evidence of hard work and wealth. * * * From the first the 'Mormons' constantly and persistently pursued the policy of having their people get hold of land, to settle on the soil and become farmers. The 'Mormon' leaders knew that if they once got possession of the soil and taught their people how to become successful farmers that they would be laying the foundation so secure that they could not be disturbed. * * * Like the negro, the 'Mormons,' I am sure, have been misrepresented before the world. I have learned by experience and observation that it is never safe to pass final judgment upon a people until one has had an opportunity to get into the real life of those people. The negro is suffering today just as the 'Mormons' have suffered and are suffering, because the people from the outside have advertised the worst concerning 'Mormon' life, and they have seldom called attention to the best in connection with the life of the 'Mormons.' No person outside a group of people can ever really know that race or that group of people until he gets into their homes, and gets a chance to observe their men, their women, and their children, and has a chance to partake of their hospitality and get into their inner life. There are many people today who consider themselves wise on the condition of the negro who are really afraid to go into a negro home, who never go into a negro church or Sunday school, who have never met colored people in social circles, and hence such people know little about the moral standards and activities of the colored people. The same, I am convinced, is true regarding the 'Mormons.' The people who speak

in the most disrespectful terms of these people are those who kn least about them. I am convinced that the 'Mormons' are not an immoral people. No immoral people could have such strong, fine bodies as these people, nor such vigorous, alert minds as they. It has been my privilege to address schools and universities in nearly every part of America, and I say without hesitation that I have never addressed a school anywhere where the students were more alert, more responsive, more intelligent than is true of the students of these 'Mormon' colleges. I was hardly prepared for the over-generous and rapturous reception that was given me at the state university, the students of which, for the most part, are 'Mormons,' and I had the same experience in addressing the private schools and other institutions conducted by 'Mormons,' * * * These 'Mormons' have first-class schools, and they are pushing the matter of technical and industrial education to a stronger degree than we are in the South. * * *. The 'Mormons' have recently begun a systematic effort to give their people training in gymnastics, with a view to strengthening their bodies. I think it will interest my readers to know that there are colored 'Mormons' in Utah. I met several of these. Many of them came here in the old days. In fact, Brigham Young brought colored people with him to this country, and they or their descendants have remained. * * * I met one colored man who came out here in the early days. He is now eighty-two years of age. He is a staunch 'Mormon.' He came here from Mississippi."

My Morning Hymn.

Not some, nor little good, O Lord, Help me to do this day. But to the utmost test of strength Assist my feeble way.

Not one nor two good words, kind Friend,
Persuade my tongue to speak,
But flood my soul with copious thought,
For I am very weak.

Not one good deed, but many, Lord, Permit my hands to do. Crowd every hour with noble toil, And effort fine and true.

Not one, but many steps I'd take, Fast holding to Thy rod, That my swift feet may hurrying find Their upward way to God.

SUSA YOUNG GATES.

Customs and Legends of Utah Indians

BY ENOCH JORGENSEN, PRINCIPAL JORDAN HIGH SCHOOL

III—Superstitions and Legends

Utah Indians had rather indefinite views regarding pre-existence, but all believe in "life after death." The Shoshones say that they come from the gray wolf, and all things in their country belong to him, and when they die their spirits go back to the happy hunting grounds presided over by him. For this reason they don't kill the wolf: but they despise the coyote and his ilk, and about the most uncomplimentary epithet one can hurl at another is to call him a "coyote." Special festivals were arranged in honor of the gray wolf, and calamities were often attributed to the fact that some member of the tribe had offended him.

When a prominent brave died his friends would kill his horse his dog, and in some instances his squaw and his servants, and these with his bow or gun and other equipment were buried with him to accompany him to the happy hunting grounds. But the custom of killing squaw and slaves was not so common in the West as it was with some tribes east of the Rockies; still it was not uncommon for the squaw to take her own life when her brave died, particularly if they had no dependent children. I recall the finding of the remains of an Indian under a ledge of rock in New Canyon, east of Ephraim, and with them was a broken gun, part of an old army saddle, bow, arrows, remains of a Navajo blanket, and some other things.

But the local Amerind believed in spirit existence, and in the spirit's relation to the "Great Spirit," and that conditions in the

future life depend on the activities in this life.

THE HAUNTED SPRING

"On Henry's Fork of the Sweetwater, in Wyoming, about thirty miles from Fort Bridger," says Father Terry, "is a famous spring, which is revered, yet feared, by the red man. The legend says: At one time, while the Shoshones were camping there, a strange white man came to their village and preached to them. He chided them for making war on other tribes, and advised them about many things. Then he went away, refusing to eat with them." (Refusal to eat with your host was usually regarded as a grievous insult, but in this instance, Terry says, it inspired

them with fear.) "They tracked him in the new-fallen snow, his tracks getting farther apart at every stride until they vanished. They say he flew away, and they never dare go near the spot since, as they say the place is haunted!"

TOOELE JOHN'S VISION

"John, chief of the Tooeles, who lived west and south of Great Salt Lake, says that at one time when his people were hungry and he was praying to the Great Spirit for them, two white men came into his tepee and told him to leave that country



Photo by C. W. Carter FORT BRIDGER IN 1866

and go to a place they would show him, a place where there was plenty of grass and game, and where some day a great city should be built. He says they marked out on the sand of the tepee floor the roads he should take to get there, and the places to camp; then he says the walls of the tepee were gone, and he could see the whole country to pass through, and a panorama of the place in which they were to settle, on the Malad river in Idaho. He followed their instructions and led his people there where they live to this day. Chief John says he saw it all in vision as plain as the day he told me the story."

WAS IT THE LIAHONA?

"Tooele John says that at another time when he was puzzled about what to do, the Great Spirit brought him an instrument like a watch, and told him to follow its directions. He and his wife

were riding along when a voice spoke to him and told him to look ahead near the side of the trail; there lay the instrument on the ground. He ordered his wife to get off her horse and pick up the instrument. He examined it carefully and then gave it to his wife to take care of. She placed it carefully in her saddle bag, but when they made camp at night it was gone. John declares the Lord took it again because he, John, trusted so important a thing to a woman."

"No, he didn't see the Lord, but he knew the Lord was there, and John heard the voice. Chief John related this story to me while we were camping in Box Elder canyon, and I am convinced he was telling the truth as he knew it, for he was never more earnest in his life in my extensive converse with him."—Father

Terrv.

LEGENDS

The Shoshones say that Teton Lake once was alive with large animals like the sea-otter, only they were very large, in some cases being as large as a horse, and they would break up the ice in the spring with a great roaring sound. Similar noises were heard in Bull Lake, Wyoming, only here they were attributed to monsters like the buffalo.

Stories are told of great monsters in Utah Lake, and in Fish Lake. It is said that a young chieftain was once challenged to swim across Fish Lake at Twin Creeks to prove his valor and title, and to win the hand of a fair maiden; but as he neared the shore a great sea-serpent swallowed him. For this reason Indians never bathe in Fish Lake, nor could I ever induce one to go with me in a boat on its waters; however, they would paddle around on Mud Lake and on Jorgensen Lake, since these were less closely connected with the main body of water.

Many stories are told of great serpents in Utah Lake—told even by some of the early white settlers, and of the noises made by the monsters, especially in winter. These noises certainly are hideous enough to originate almost any weird tale. I have heard similar sounds at Fish Lake when the ice was cracking or the air

escaping from one of the "man-holes" in the ice.

Legend says the Teton peaks were formerly a mile higher than they now are, but the Great Spirit was angry with the Shoshones, so he made the earth shiver and the mountains sank. Similar tales are told of Chimney Rock on the Platte, and of other marks. Father Terry says he positively remembers when Chimney Rock was 20 to 30 feet higher than it was when last he saw it. Weathering caused parts of it to topple over.

("The Walker and Black Hawk Wars" will be discussed in the next chapter.)

The Physical Square Deal and the Cigarette Habit Among Boys*

BY SUPERINTENDENT SAMUEL HAMILTON, OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY, PA.

The doctrine of "the square deal" has come down to us from the remote past. In the Sermon on the Mount, that marvelous epitome of Christian ethics, Christ said: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." The fact that he calls it the "law and the prophets" indicates that it is not a new doctrine to be promul-

gated, but rather an old principle to be emphasized.

But while the Golden Rule is hoary with age, its expression in the form of "the square deal" belongs to the present. * * * The "square deal" expresses a universal principle. It belongs to every age, every land, every people; it applies to every business, every calling, every profession. It is so general in its application to all human relationships that it is the cornerstone of every system of ethics, and yet men must be on their guard constantly, lest it be forgotten and "sink into a state of innocuous desuetude." This morning, however, it is our purpose to consider it not in its universal sense, but only in reference to some of its physical and subjective aspects.

Every young man should give his body a square deal. It is wonderful in design, marvelous in construction, amazing in the range of its adaptions, and surpasses every manmade product as the infinite surpasses the finite. Every young man is given but one body; with care, attention and development it will serve him faithfully and efficiently. But if abused it will fail to perform its functions, and pain, disease and death will follow in quick succes-

sion.

The care of the body through the physical square deal has been important in all ages. To the Hebrews "length of days" was more desirable than riches and honor. And the persistence of that people through five thousand years of history is a great argument in favor of the physical square deal. The ancient Greeks emphasized beauty and physical perfection. Their ideal was Apollo, a young man, clean, strong, manly, muscular—symmet-

^{*}An address delivered before the Pennsylvania High School, and printed in the Era through the courtesy of the author and State Superintedent of Public Instruction, A. C. Nelson.

rical in form and beautiful in body. And their system of education, called into existence by that ideal, placed special emphasis upon the care, the development and training of the body. Ancient warfare was in the main a physical combat. It called for courage, strength, and physical endurance. This made physical superiority a national necessity to every people that desired military prowess. Today war is more a matter of brains, guns, and war-engines, and the national interest centers in them. But man must continue to be a "good animal" and the care of the body is just as important to the State and the individual as at any time in the past.

This physical square deal includes attention, care, nourishing food, healthful exercise, plenty of sleep, abundant bathing, pure air and clean living. These are the great body-builders, and upon them mainly the young man must rely who would get from his

body the highest and best service.

Last July, Alma W. Richards won the running high jump in the Olympic games in Sweden. He met and defeated the best athletes the world could send against him. Fifteen years ago he was a frail, puny invalid, imperfectly developed, and with a small, delicate body. He was so feeble that his parents sent him to the country to find health and strength. Yet the square deal for that body, through the great body-builders just enumerated, transformed that puny invalid into the world-renowned athlete with a body as lithe as that of a tiger, with limbs as clean as those of a greyhound, and with muscles as tough as rawhide.

But no boy who is a victim of the cigarette habit gives his body a "square deal." This foul habit is spreading with a rapidity that is astonishing. It is one of the popular fads among high-school boys, and the strong briar pipe, with its air of sporty suggestiveness and crackbrained snobbishness, "is running the cigarette a close race for second place" as Dr. McKeever suggests. Everywhere one meets the sallow faces, the sore eyes, the insipid expressions, the trembling fingers, and the foul breath of the

cigarette-made mollycoddle.

The boys below the high school are forming this disgusting habit. In many places they may be seen in groups passing a cigarette from mouth to mouth in a spirit of common ownership and very common participation. I would not offer insult to the ladies of a Pennsylvania high school by assuming that they smoke. Nevertheless, women who call themselves ladies may be seen daily in some of the large cities smoking cigarettes. A cigarette battle royal is in progress in the wealthy society circles of the national capital. Smoking by women has been opposed by some ladies who are leading a crusade against it. But the habit has its defenders, and one rich, aristocratic leader of society openly puffs her cigarette as she rides from place to place in her automobile. This society lady is so incapacitated mentally that she

can offer no argument in favor of smoking, but when perfectly sober, at luncheons and society functions, she persists in smoking and in offering her jeweled cigarette case to her companions. A very short time ago a noted Philadelphia divine denounced from the pulpit a society function given at a fashinable hotel in that city, at which the females smoked cigarettes.

There are several strong indictments that may be framed against the cigarette-habit among boys. These indictments may be presented, but there is little time for their discussion. It is useless to moralize on this theme, but a few facts may arouse.

thought and result in good:

1. It is useless and unnecessary. It gives no valuable return physically, mentally or morally; it adds nothing to one's health, happiness, honor, rank or character. If it seemingly soothes the nerves temporarily, the reaction that follows shows that the rest was not really restful and the pleasure was spurious and unreal. Barring the liquor habit, there is no other habit so useless, un-

necessary and unprofitable.

2. The cigarette habit in the opinion of many is a filthy habit, not in the ordinary sense, but filthy in the extreme. The smoke is foul and nauseating, offensive to the eyes, the throat and the nose. The fumes may not be germ-laden, but they are often exhaled from diseased lungs, and forced out through nasal tubes that are as foul and unsanitary as a sewer. Society demands that every other noxious nuisance shall be abated, and yet it tolerates this filthy habit. If a young man will deliberately make himself objectionable to his companions, and repulsive in person to his associates by this vile habit, he should be segregated from the other pupils. They deserve a square deal. And is there any valid reason why he should be permitted to bombard the innocent olfactories of his companions with poisoned arrows.

The only protection for them, from his foul-smelling, devitalized personality, is sergregation, fumigation, deodorization or sanitation. Use chloride of lime, formaldehyde, sulphur dioxide or any other disinfectant or antiseptic that will protect society from

the unspeakable filth of the habit.

3. The cigarette habit is an expensive one. Whole cargoes of evidence could be brought in to prove the truth of this statement. The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows that 11,221,624,184 cigarettes were sold in the United States in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, an increase of 2,000,000,000 over the previous year. This year the sale will reach 15,000,000,000. This is an average of 165 for every man, woman, and child in the nation, and many of them are smoked by half-educated high school boys. These cigarettes represent a large sum of money, and in many cases the people can ill afford the expensive luxury.

To see a poor, frail mother, or even a father, toiling and

sweating to support and educate a family while the son of sixteen in the high school is smoking cigarettes, is a sight sufficient to arouse the ire of an angel. Such a boy does not give his parents a square deal. He is deficient in gratitude and manliness, and is the nearest approach to the missing link between a monkey and a man that science has yet found. Ten years hence such a young man is likely to be a physical degenerate, a mental bankrupt, a civic liability, a life without a purpose, a tool without temper or

edge and a moral grindstone without grit.

Economists are everywhere studying the high cost of living, but the cost of high living as indicated by the smoke bill and the drink bill of the nation, is more alarming. Last year we spent \$2,200,000,000 for drink, and about \$1,200,000,000 for to-bacco and cigarettes. This would pay the rent annually for every non-home owner in the nation. It would raise the average wages of every workingman from \$480 to \$700. In 1906 we spent \$3.67 per capita for education, \$9.49 for tobacco, and \$19.10 for drink. And it is surprising beyond all expectation that in these days of the high cost of living the cigar store and the saloon should cost the nation eight times as much as the school and the college.

This is the day of congested wealth. One-eight of the people own seven-eights of the wealth; one per cent of the people own fifty-four per cent of the wealth, and fifty per cent of the people own nothing. A bitter battle for bread is now raging in this country, and it will be more bitter in the near future. The population of the nation increases anually at the rate of 2,000,000. Nearly all of the available food-producing land is now under cultivation. In the opinion of many noted agrarian students the bread problem is the great problem of the race. James J. Hill, that astute business man, points out that if our lines of food consumption continue to approach those of food production, as in the past, in a few years the great exporting grain elevators of the nation will stand empty, the last ship carrying food stuffs will have left our shores, and we will be compelled to send our agents into foreign markets to buy foods.

But there is a more hopeful view. Many thoughtful students think we are on the verge of a great agricultural renaissance. Already hundreds of the abandoned farms of New England have been reclaimed. Farm units in this country will become smaller and farming more intensive, scientific and productive. Systematic drainage will greatly increase the food-producing lands of the South. Six-tenths of all the land areas of the globe are arid or semi-arid, receiving less than 20 inches of rainfall annually and at present are, therefore, unproductive. In the West there are millions of acres of this arid land that may be made productive through dry-farming and irrigation. But regardless of this, foods are exceedingly expensive, and are likely to remain so as the

population increases. And yet we spend millions for cigarettes that turn bright, brainy boys into dull-minded students and dull-minded men. There are enough misfits, incompetents and "no accounts" in every community, without spending large sums an-

nually to develop them.

4. The cigarette habit among boys is offensive to many persons. They regard it as a public nuisance, interfering with the rights of others. This may not be your opinion or mine; but it is the argument of many non-smokers, so many that it deserves consideration, and they deserve a square deal. Every man, they say, has a right to all the pure, uncontaminated, ozone-laden air he can breathe. That is his God-given prerogative. No member of society has any right to limit the supply, neither should he be permitted to poison it. The man who pollutes your supply of fresh water, commits a crime punishable by law, and yet the same may pollute your supply of air with filth, and poison it with nicotine. By this act he tends to injure both himself and his neighbor. We abate the garbage nuisance, the sewer nuisance, the foul water nuisance; we kill the mad dog, dehorn the savage bull and lock up the dangerous criminal. And some day, the objectors argue, when society gets its second sight and cuts its wisdom teeth, it will abate forever the cigarette nuisance that permits one individual to trespass upon the rights of another.

This is the point of view of many non-smokers, and it is well for us "to see ourselves as others see us." Kansas has responded to this argument. To protect society against the cigarette-boynuisance, as well as to protect the boy against the habit, that state has passed a law forbidding the use of tobacco in any form by minors. In the interest of the young men of our state, I wish that

Pennsylvania might pass such a law.

5. One of the most serious indictments against the cigarette habit among boys is that it bars the way to scholarship. cigarette-smoking student at sixteen seldom becomes a scholar. He lacks the application, the persistent, tenacious effort that is the price of all scholastic attainment. His intentions are good, but after smoking a cigarette, the purpose of study becomes vague and shadowy; the mind, dull and dreamy; the will, weak and flabby; and the lesson, which before seemed important and necessary, now appears trivial and worthless. He is not a student, and therefore cannot become a scholar. All he can hope to be is a dull-minded. dense-brained plodder. A student's mind will after a while function along scholastic lines more or less rapidly and accurately. Not so with the mind of the cigarette-smoking boy. He slowly sucks in the poison that paralyzes his own mental development and sets the limits beyond which it cannot go. And how sad it is that many a bright boy who might become a scholar, and possibly add to the sum total of human knowledge by enlarging the circle of the known,—how sad that such a boy will sometimes sentence himself to be a stupid bonehead for all time! He should give his mind a square deal, and note that the records in some colleges show that no smoking student has taken first rank in the past

thirty years.

Scientists assert that 38 per cent of all pupils in the elementary schools are slow mentally. To them great scholarship is an impossibility. Their dullness is due to malnutrition, to heredity, to disease, to physical ailments and to a non-stimulating mental environment. Very few, if any, of this class ever enter the high school. But the great cause of dullness and stupidity among boys in the high school is the cigarette. It suppresses mental action, lulls into mental slumber, dulls the edge of comprehension, dissipates the mind's acquisitive power, and renders depth, breadth and ac-

curacy of scholarship impossible.

6. This foul habit is an effective bar to the professional athletic field. Nicotine poison is the hated foe of physical superiority, and no great athlete in any field dare trifle with it. For two years a great ball pitcher with a national reputation failed to make a record because of this habit. A year ago he gave up the cigarette, and last season he recovered his old form, became a star again, and the coming season will earn possible \$20,000. No physical director in this country will place a cigarette-smoking boy on any crack athletic team. He wants men with vigor and endurance; men with courage in their hearts, iron in their blood, and with grit that will cut down the grindstones of opposition to the last point. Directors know that the only place in all athletics for the milk-fed, nicotine-bleeched, devitalized mollycoddle is on the bleachers. There neither brains nor effort are necessary; only mouth and lungs are required.

Last year 500 young men worked their way through Columbia College. This is a good recommendation for the school, but a better one for the boys. These young men were not branbrained barnacles; not dudes or dullards; not butterflies or boobies. They had blood in their veins,—real, red, rich, sparkling blood. During the year they did more than sit on the bleachers of life and cheer for the men who did things. They got down from the bleachers and into the game. They were better because of the game, and the game was better because of the part they played in it. And I will venture the assertion that not one of these hustlers was a cigarette fiend. Why? Such peanut players in life's game never do things. They never give themselves a square

deal.

7. This pernicious habit acts also as a bar to employment. The manager of a corporation with a capital of \$7,000,000 recently anounced that he would not employ a boy who smoked cigarettes. Many of the great corporations, the great mills and factories, and

the great business houses will no longer employ the cigarettesmoking boy. They expect such a young man to be unreliable, irresponsible, dull, inefficient, weak in will-power and with a strong tendency toward falsehood, dishonesty, and moral disintegration. The employers of labor want sharp eyes, alert ears, bright minds, lithe muscles; men who are wide-awake, responsible and trustworthy. They do not expect the inert, saffron-hued, nicotine-reinforced excuses of a boy to possess these qualities,

and hence will not employ him.

8. But the physical and moral effects of cigarette smoking among boys are the strongest indictments that may be framed against it. Nicotine poison paralyzes the nerve cells at the base of the brain, perverts the sense of taste, saps the physical vitality, weakens the heart action, impoverishes the blood, degrades the tissues, predisposes the indigestion and functional diseases, overstimulates and subsequently exhausts the nervous system, induces arterial degeneration, and paves the way to physical and moral degradation. What a catalogue of curses, that operate against the moral and physical square deal! And yet they steal into a young man's life so gradually and so insidiously that it requires an expert to detect them.

These charges are not mine; they are made upon the authority of Dr. J. W. Seaver, formerly of Yale gymansium; Dr. Sims Woodward, professor of Pathology in Cambridge University; Dr. J. Pierce Clark, a distinguished nervologist of New York; Professor W. A. McKeever, of the Kansas State Agricultural College,

and other noted specialists.

With school boys the habit of using cigarettes goes hand in hand with idleness, truancy, falsehood, dishonesty, lack of mental concentration, low-grade scholarship, and a spineless moral character. Young men, give yourselves a square deal; shun the cigarettes as you would a pestilence. For if we are to believe the experts, it will bind you with chains that can not be broken, create nervous conditions that demand drink, cocaine, and other drugs, and load you with mental and moral infirmities that crush and kill and lead to disaster and defeat.

The newspapers report that in a recent murder trial in Pottsville, Pa., Judge Brumm in charging the jury pointed out that the defendant was a cigarette-fiend, and that this fact must be duly considered. The judge did not refer to this as an excuse for

crime, but rather as a possible cause for it.

The evil effects of the pipe and cigar upon boys are only slightly less than those of the cigarette. They grow with the boy, and lessen the efficiency of the man. The editor of Good Health savs that nine-tenths of the rejected applicants for the army are refused on account of "tobacco heart." Investigation at the Phipps Institute show that smokers are twice as susceptible to tu-

berculosis as non-smokers. Couple with this statement the fact that twenty persons in America die of tuberculosis every hour and you get a new view point of the subject. Thus tobacco, when used by boys, does its deadly work. Nature sets many a human clock to run 80 or 90 years, but the boy disregards the square deal, meddles with the machinery, disadjusts the escapement and dies of a "tobacco heart" at the age of 40 or 50 years.

The regulation of the sale of cigarettes to boys has generally proved ineffective. Human greed is stronger than prohibitory And a knowledge of the consequences, anti-cigarette leagues, the creation of moral and social sentiment against the habit, and a law forbidding the use of tobacco in any form by minors are likely to be more effective in checking the progress of this evil.

It is difficult to know exactly what induces a boy to smoke his first cigarette; but like the formation of other habits there is some particular motive that leads to the first act or effort. may be the desire to emulate his father's example or that of some other ideal character who smokes; it may be that innate desire of boys to do what men do, and thus approach to the full stature of their manhood; or this first act may be due to a snobbish desire to belong to some group of self-considered high school aristocrats who sport bull-dog pipes and smoke cigarettes. The motive may not be easily designated; but there is always a first act and back of that act lies a motive or desire that leads to it. And safety to the young man at this point lies in the intelligence that discerns the evil and in the strong will that suppresses this motive.

This cigarette habit like all habits grows by repetition and the rapidity of the growth is determined by three factors or condi-

tions, age, regularity and frequency.

The factor of age is important in the growth of any habit. The plasticity of youth is the springtime of habit. This plasticity extends possibly to the age of twenty-five. The young man who avoids profainty until that age will in all probability never be profane. At the age of twenty-five, character in most persons is well crystallized and the young man who is up to that time free from low vulgarity, is likely to remain free. So the young man who rejects the first cigarette until that age will in all probability never be a slave to the habit.

In the rapid growth of the cigarette habit, as in the growth of all habits, regularity is a more potent factor than frequency. The boy who smokes three cigarettes daily will in due time become a slave to the habit; but the enslavement will take place in a much shorter period, if he smokes them at regular intervals, one for example after each meal. Regularity intensifies the effects of frequency, and together they work through the period of plasticity. The young man at sixteen who smokes regularly and

frequently and who keeps at it for a year or two is gone. Ere long he will be bound by the chains of a slavery that is baser and more degrading than the former serfdom of the South. The one was an external slavery enforced by a cruel master; the other is an internal slavery enforced by self. The former was only physical, holding in crude bondage the bleeding body of the victims; the other is both physical and moral. It enslaves the body through a complete change in the physiological structure of the nervetissue. It enslaves the morals by weakening the will power that must ever stand guard at the door of the soul, to refuse entrance

to all that is low, vulgar, and degrading.

The young ladies of a community could render a great service in checking the progress of this moral cancer among boys. They could crystallize social sentiment against it by shunning the presence and avoiding the companionship of the cigarette-smoker. Would any cigarette-smoking young man respect a young lady if she were a victim of the habit? Would he be seen on the street, at a picnic, or in the theater with a young lady smoking a pipe or cigarette? Social ostracism is a bitter medicine, and if young ladies would administer it in the right way to the blear-eyed victim with the foul breath and nauseating personality, if they would give themselves a square deal by helping to abolish a double standard of morality for the sexes, the withering curse that is rapidly debauching young American manhood would soon disappear.

Le me draw for you two pictures. Yonder is a boy of sixteen acquiring the habit. He is clean, honest, manly, sincere. As yet he is neither vicious nor repulsive; only an asinine high-school snob, sedulously sucking poison through the nicotine sewer of a briar pipe, or through the slimy sluices of a paper tube, be-

cause it seems manly or aristocratic to do so.

Yonder is a man of twenty-five, a confirmed cigarette fiend. Once he was clean and pure; now he is a battered derelict on life's sea, tossed hither and thither by the waves of sense and sin, without a moral rudder to control or guide. Ten years ago he was full of promise; now he is a piece of devitalized, nicotine-poisoned

human junk, ready for the moral scrap heap of humanity.

You say this picture is overdrawn. Perhaps it is. But that is not important. The vital question is this: Will the cigarette brush with its nicotine-poisoned paint change the first picture into the second? Will the clean, innocent boy in the first picture ever become the repulsive man in the second? I know not. But the experts assure us that the first is the promise of the second, and that the second is the possible,—nay, the very probable—result of the first. Dr. Hall, professor of physiology in the Medical School of the Northwestern University, says: "The boy who before adolescence forms the cigarette habit will lie, deceive,

and in other ways show degenerate tendencies. At twenty-five he is a confirmed user of drugs and liquors, and his moral lapses

are marked by vicious and criminal acts.

If society would save the young man in the first picture from becoming the slave in the second, if it would have him give his body a "square dea!" it must rise in its might, form social sentiment leagues against the habit, and through legal enactment and social ostracism bring him to his senses, ere he sinks to the level of a nicotine-saturated sot.

In conclusion, then, young men, avoid the cigarette habit and thereby give your body, your mind, and your morals "a square deal" and a fair chance to develop along the right lines. Avoid the habit because it is so useless, filthy and expensive; avoid it; because it is offensive to many of your associates; avoid it, because it bars the gateway to athletic honors, to employment and to scholastic attainments; and finally avoid it, because it opens the doorway to physical and moral degeneracy, over which modern scientific investigation is rapidly writing this warning. "Young men, beware! There is a danger ahead. When you enter this door and enslave yourself by this habit, you turn your back forever upon the highest physical, social, mental and moral efficiency as an individual."

The tree lies as it falls; but it falls in the direction toward which it leans. And the issue I should like to raise is this: How do you lean in thought, in habit, and in sentiment on this obnoxious high school evil?

M. I. A. Day

The M. I. A. Day has been observed in a large number of The Era has received reports particularly the stakes of Zion. from Snowflake, Granite, Salt Lake, Liberty, South Davis, Cassia, Juab, and Blackfoot. We would be very pleased to give place to these programs and names of the winners of the various contests in story-telling, orations, debates, music, etc., did we have the space. There is great satisfaction, in perusing the programs and reports, and in noticing with what enthusiasm the young people have taken hold of these activities in the M. I. A. We congratulate the stakes that have inaugurated this work and trust that next year every stake in Zion will prepare a very entertaining M. I. A. Day for the young people of their stakes. All the way from fifty, one hundred, to two hundred fifty young people in each stake took part in the activities in the ward and district try-outs, and in the stake finals, showing that the work is popular and effective.

Department of Vocations and Industries

BY CLAUDE RICHARDS

IX-Specializations in Vocations

The following letter is addressed to a young man who has manifested some interest in the subject of choosing a vocation; and believing that the principles expounded and the advice given are applicable to very many, and in fact all, of our young men, the letter is printed in this department of Mutual Improvement work. We commend the advice it contains to the consideration of all our workers and to all our young men:

DEAR FRIEND: We are in receipt of your recent and esteemed letter in relation to the choosing of a vocation. Allow us to congratulate you upon your ambition to become a specialist. It is a step in the right direction. For the age in which you live and expect to work is fast becoming pre-eminently the age of specialization.

This has not long been the case, and consequently there are perhaps comparatively few among us today that fully appreciate the necessity for specializing. It was only a few years ago when conditions were quite different, especially in this western country. Our Utah Pioneers were confronted with scenes and conditions very unlike those that surround us.

You will remember that they had been driven from established cities and had decided to come to a wild region of undeveloped resources. Here they determined to make a commonwealth of their own—one that their children and their children's children could en-

joy.

The necessities of that strenuous day required that each builder of that commonwealth be able to do many and diverse things to promote the welfare of his people. Every man answered with willingness the call of those times, and never perhaps in history did men work with greater diligence to meet the requirements made of them than did these splendid forefathers and benefactors of ours.

But now you will readily see that conditions are changed,—our commonwealth is established, and a half a century has been added to the age and development of the work. The demand for technical knowledge has increased to the extent that the jack-of-all-trades has been replaced by the specialist. So that now the question asked, in most parts of the civilized world, of a man who seeks a livelihood, is not "How many things can you do moderately well?" but rather "What one thing can you do as well as or better than anybody else?"

It is in this present chapter of the world's history that we are living and called upon to get and to be useful. And it is under these

living and called upon to act and to be useful. And it is under these conditions that a young man nowadays must make his start in life. And since things are so changed as compared with a few years ago and life has become so much more complex that it is no longer a matter of simple and routime process to get a start in life, does it not behoove every young man to study the situation with earnestness and to decide at an early date upon his professional career?

You have begun this important study of choosing a vocation, and it is for this reason that we consider you are fortunate and that we

desire to congratulate you.

By "professional career" we do not consider that your choice will be limited to the professions of law, medicine, and the like, but rather that you and our young men generally may select any approved field of action whatsoever, whether in agriculture, in industrial lines, or in any other line in which you propose to become a genuine expert.

Please do not overlook this important item of excelling in whatsoever line of work you may select. You cannot afford to spend the best years of your life in performing second-class service. Why should we who are the rightful heirs to character and intelligence such as our worthy ancestors possessed be content with gaining only

second place?

Do you not think it is reasonable for us to believe in the highest destiny for our western people? And is it not consistent to suppose that God intended that the people of this great inter-mountain region should be genuine leaders and not mere followers in the great onward strides of progress?

Where is the western boy who would concede first place to any other boy in the world today? And where can you find the youth in our midst who does not believe that this western people are a

great people?

Then, to make good our claims and beliefs, must not our western boys in your opinion, set their aims high and lay plans that will place

them in the foremost ranks of every worthy profession?

We trust that you will continue your investigation of vocations, and that you will meet with success in finding your most profitable life's work. We shall be glad to hear from you further in reference to other phases of the pleasant and important task that you have undertaken and to study with you some problems encountered.
With best wishes for your success, we remain
Sincerely yours,

CLAUDE RICHARDS

For Com. on Vocations and Industries.

The Organ's Voice.

Solemn, wondrous, grand, the chord arose, Filling the silence of the day with harmony, The notes from out the organ's throat Now high, now pulsing low, Told o'er again that wondrous tale in melody.

A wanderer paused to listen, slowly turned And made his way within the sacred hall. Enraptured sat he then and listened To the voice of music like an angel's call. And as the music filled that rounded dome A thousand thoughts flashed through the wanderer's mind; He seemed to hear the voice of One as from afar Calling, pleading, telling of a love divine.

ARTHUR LEE. SALT LAKE CITY

Editors' Table

Defeat the Liquor Interests

Two years ago many towns and cities in Utah adopted local option and banished the saloon. All who have kept pace with the situation are well aware of the great progress that has resulted in the moral uplift of the community. Even where good-for-nothing officials were derelict in their duties, and thereby encouraged illicit traffic in alcohol—even under these circumstances, conditions cannot truthfully be said to be as bad as they were before the sale of liquor was forbidden. The fact is that conditions are infinitely better. For inefficient and cowardly officers, the remedy at hand is a change in officers, not the open saloon. Only such men as are willing to do their full duty in supporting the law should be tolerated as officials in our communities.

In a number of cities and towns in our state at present—the liquor interests—the enemies of the race—are again making keen efforts to restore the former low-down conditions. In some places, we understand enough petitioners have already been obtained and the names filed with the commissioners requesting an election this June. With all good people we join in hoping that these efforts may utterly fail to restore the saloon. This should be the desire of all Latter-day Saints, and their prayers should be supported by their works and votes. In these elections the wives, mothers and sisters have their golden opportunity with fathers and mothers to arise and utterly crush the cursed traffic in drink for which so many have suffered in sweat, and pain, and tears.

Joseph F. Smith.

After Many Days

On their way from Kirtland to Missouri seventy-nine years ago, May 16, 1834, a little body of men were passing through Dayton, Ohio. They were Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and one hundred thirty to one hundred fifty of his followers, later augmented to two hundred and five. The company was "Zion's

Camp." They traveled well organized, setting a pattern followed later by the valiant band of pioneers who crossed the plains to the Rocky Mountains and became the founders of Utah.

The avowed object of "Zion's Camp" was to relieve their friends and fellow-religionists who had been ruthlessly driven from their homes the previous year in Jackson County, Missouri, over the river to the counties further north in that State, and who now again were threatened with further persecution and drivings. The personnel consisted of the strength and the cream of the "Mormon" Church in the east, going in this crude way, and with a fund at first of \$261.50 gathered by the Prophet, in Kirtland, to relieve their scattered and driven brothers and sisters, who had been ejected at the point of the sword from their hard-earned homes in Jackson County.

But the expedition did little, if anything, to accomplish this purpose. It became rather a school of trial and a test of fortitude for the men—many of whom later became the trusted leaders of the Latter-day Saints in the colonization and development of the great west.

However, these poorly-clad men, thirsting, often starved, frequently sick, with their twenty baggage wagons, later twenty-five, created no end of curiosity and encountered much opposition as they wended their way across the country. Church history offers no more interesting experiences than those undergone by this peculiar company of men during the month of May, from the time they left Kirtland until they camped on the banks of the Mississippi, in the state of Missouri, on June 4, following. Their experiences, physical and intellectual, were of a very trying character. While they were often on the verge of starvation, encountered much sickness, and suffered greatly through physical inconveniences, they were yet highly blessed with the inspired teachings of the Prophet Joseph, with the visit of angels, and with the comforting spirit of prophecy.

Everybody along the way was suspicious of them, for they kept their mission a secret. Spies came to their camp many times, but went away none the wiser.

As stated, this company passed through Dayton, Ohio, May 16, 1834, and this is the record of their reception:

"While passing through Dayton, Ohio, great curiosity was mani-

fested, various reports of our numbers and designs having gone before us. Some of the inhabitants enquired of the company where they were from, when Captain Young replied: 'From every place but this, and we will soon be from this.' 'Where are you going?' 'To the west.' Some ten or a dozen gentlemen came over from Dayton to ascertain our numbers, which they reported to be at least 600. These gentlemen also enquired of almost every man in the camp where he was from and where he was going, and what was his business. They returned to Dayton and reported that every man in the company was a gentleman, and gave a respectful answer to every question asked. But they could not ascertain where we were going, or what was our business."

Something more than three-quarters of a century has changed the situation for the descendants and co-religionists of that peculiar and suffering "Zion's Camp" in such a way that even a casual glance at the situation must convince the most skeptical that the Lord has directed and blessed their struggles.

A fearful disaster fell upon the people of Dayton,—"a national calamity" it was pronounced by President Wilson,—during the last days of March, 1913. Hundreds were killed by floods and fire, and many millions of property were destroyed. The Governor of the state called on the nation for help for the homeless and suffering. The cry was heard in the midst of the Rocky Mountains, where this peculiar people has been blessed and prospered of the Lord, and among the first to respond was President Joseph F. Smith, with a check for \$1,000 sent to the Governor of Ohio for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This sum was augmented by the efforts of other citizens, by commercial clubs, and by members of the Church personally, to an amount approximating \$10,000. While no doubt this same love and helpfulness would go out from Zion to any other community in our country, or anywhere else from which a cry for help might come, the pleasure of giving in this case is enhanced when we remember the citizens of Dayton who came out to that bedraggled band, in 1834, and reported "that every man in the company was a gentleman."

A Remarkable Healing

President Oleen N. Stohl, of Brigham City, Box Elder Stake of Zion, writes to President Joseph F. Smith and Counselors under date of March 28:

DEAR BRETHREN: The following is an extract from a letter I just

received from Elder Denmark Jenson, who is laboring as a special missionary in the Northern States Mission. The letter is teeming with the spirit of missionary work, and the good fruits which follow the labors of the Elders. I thought it would be interesting to you.

I am with kindest regards, yours very truly,

OLEEN N. STOHL.

I witnessed one of the greatest manifestations of healing, the last time I was in Peoria, that I have seen for some time. A lady by the name of Mrs. May Lawrey had been very sick with hemorrhage of the lungs, and the doctor pronounced her case very serious. Elder Mc-Ewin asked me to accompany him to visit this family. We found the father and three sons feeling very badly over the condition of the wife and mother. After talking to them for some time, explaining to them the beautiful truths of the gospel and the blessings it would bring to them if they would accept it, the father said, "If mother were well, we would accept it at once, for I believe it is true." I felt impressed to sav. "If you will accept it, God will heal your wife at once." We were then invited into the bed-room where the good mother lay sick, almost afraid to speak for fear the blood would start from the lungs. I shall never forget how the tears trickled down her cheeks when she said, "I heard what my dear husband said to you, and I also heard the promise you made him." I said, "Good sister, do you believe the Gospel of Jesus Christ as explained by the elders, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet of God?" "I do," she said, "and if I could be healed, I would embrace it at once." I said, "Good sister, we will pray for you, and you shall be healed."

Not having any oil, we all knelt around her bed and prayed for her. The next morning Elders Alfred N. Olson, McEwin and I went there and found the good woman up and doing her work and getting their clothes ready for baptism. She was made well, and enjoyed a good

night's rest. They were both baptized the next day.

The Faith of a Little Child

One of the special features of Religion Class work is to teach the children to have implicit faith in God. And this is being accomplished very successfully. The faith exhibited by many of the little children is, indeed, remarkable, and speaks well for the teachings they have received. Instances almost innumerable could be cited showing how the Lord has placed his approval on the work of his faithful servants by answering the prayers of little children. Elder W. A. Morton related to us a few days ago a circumstance which took place recently which shows the good effect of the teaching of the gospel to our children:

One evening Brother and Sister W——— were paying a visit

to some friends in a certain part of the city in which they resided. They had left their little children at home, in care of an elder member of the family. During the evening a terrible storm passed over the city. The electric light system was affected for some time, leaving the entire city in total darkness. The lightning flashed and the thunders of heaven seemed to shake the city. Fear came upon the little children of Brother and Sister W——. They huddled closely together, terrified by the lightning and the deafening peals of thunder. Suddenly a happy thought came into the mind of one of the little ones, and she said, "I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll pray for papa to come home." The little ones knelt down together, and the eldest led in prayer. She said, "Dear Heavenly Father, there's an awful storm down here, and we're afraid. Please send papa home. This is our prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen."

At that time Brother W—— turned to his wife and said, "Dear, I feel impressed to go home; I feel that I am needed there." The good woman tried to get him to stay a little longer, till the storm had ceased; but he said he felt he should go at once. So, asking to be excused, he hastened home. As he entered the house his little children came running to him, clapping their hands with joy, and exclaiming, "We knew you would come, we knew you would come."

"And how did you know, my darlings?" he asked.

"Because we prayed for you to come."

O for the faith of a little child!

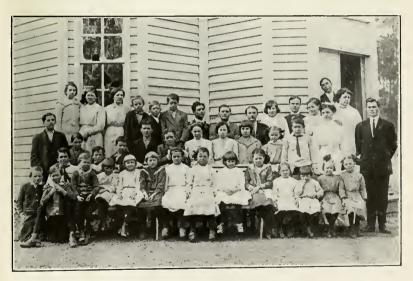
Messages from the Missions

Elders of Newcastle conference May, 1912, top row left to right: Amos Belnap, Preston, Idaho; L. M. Wayne, Manassa, Colo.; Marion J. Steed, Syracuse, Utah; George Duffin, Provo, Utah; Cyrin Duffin, Provo, Utah. Second row: William A. Van Orden, Lewiston, Utah; Frederick J. Bradshaw, Magrath, Canada; John C. Gibby, Provo, Utah; Louis L. Allen. Cove; Martin G. Brixen, Salt Lake City; Joseph Parmley, Winter Quarters, Utah, clerk of Newcastle conference; Howarth Roberts, Ogden, Utah. Third row: W. K. Lindsay, La Grande, Oregon; Joseph V. Ford, Cedar City; George B. Chambers, Garfield; J. Eugene Lichfield, Provo, president of Newcastle conference; Rudger Clawson, Salt Lake City, president British Mission; F. A. Dahle, Logan, Utah; John R. Sayer, Rigby, Idaho; P. H. Service, Salt Lake City. Fourth row: Francis Simpson, Bedford, Wyoming; Roscoe C. Merrill, Richmond, Utah; Richard D. Bradshaw, Magrath, Canada; George T. Cox, Pocatello, Idaho; Law-



rence J. Clements, Salt Lake City; Albert G. Brain, Salt Lake City; David A. Robinson, Morgan, Utah.

This picture is of the day school in Darbun, Miss. On account of the short school term there, the members of the Church requested President Callis to send an elder to teach school, so that their children could enjoy a longer period of school than the school taxes of the district warranted. Elder Karl S. Barton was assigned to take charge



PUPILS OF THE DAY SCHOOL AT DARBUN, MISS.

of the school, which is being held in the Darbun meetinghouse. Elder Barton is meeting with much success, and he says that the children are bright and intelligent and devoted to their studies. The regular course of study followed in the public schools of Mississippi is strictly adhered to in this school.

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Pertinent paragraphs from the stake presidents' reports for the year 1912, to the Presiding Bishop's Office:

Alberta Stake: "We have adopted the plan of visiting the wards and holding meetings with the Priesthood in the wards on Saturday evening, remaining over night and all day Sunday. The result is good. Especially is this the case in getting the ward teachers wakened up. When they do their duty our main worries are at an end. We urge the teaching of the payment of tithing during the fore part of the year instead of the latter part. This plan will see fewer non-tithe payers."

Blackfoot Stake: "In some wards greater encouragement is given to the practice of the father dividing the tithing among the members of the family. This naturally increases the number of actual tithepayers in such wards."

California Mission: "San Pedro Ward is nearly disorganized through emigration. St. David Ward has recently been re-organized and there is considerable influx of good families from Mexico."

Davis Stake: "We have visited the wards in the stake holding special meetings with the bishoprics and local Priesthood trying to arouse increased interest in ward teacher's work."

Deserte Stake: "The establishment of this new stake has made us much more compact than heretofore, and as a result the stake officers are doing more efficient work. Our population is increasing steadily."

Fremont Stake: "There is an improvement in the spiritual condition of the stake. Special missionaries have been laboring in all of the wards holding cottage meetings and visiting both non-members and members with excellent results. The Priesthood has not accomplished as much as we should have liked, but we have taken up a special labor with all the quorums and can observe improvement."

Granite Stake: "The Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations have been doing a new work which resulted in bringing into our associations many young people whom we have not been able to reach before. We had a hundred special missionaries laboring among the Saints and non-members, which has resulted in many conversions, made many friends, and removed prejudice. Sixty sisters did special missionary work and much good among careless girls."

Maricopa Stake: "Our Indian Misison is doing good work, and the results and prospects justify the expenditure. Three new chapels are being built—Mesa 1st and 2nd wards, and Pine. We have a live home missionary body who hold preparation and improvement sessions. A special missionary work is being done among non-members by visiting from door to door, tracting, holding cottage meetings, etc."Millard Stake: "Since the division of this stake, August 11, 1912, commendable improvement has been made."

Moapa Stake: "Bunkerville is very much troubled by the floods from the Virgin river. Mesquite also is subject to worry from the river and has suffered heavy losses."

North Weber: "Two meeting houses have been dedicated one at McGill, Nevada, and one at Taylor, Weber county. Our population increased 410 mainly through the creation of Metropolis ward, Nev. We believe the united spirit and the excellent work done in the past year, are due to the greater activity in ward teaching, and also to activities in the Priesthood and auxiliary organizations. There has been a steady increase in attendance at sacrament meetings, also at Priesthood meetings, and the new Priesthood movement gives evidence of a greater increase along these lines."

St. Joseph: "We had fully four per cent increase in attendance at sacrament meetings due to increased activity among the acting teachers. Priesthood quorum meetings are better attended."

Sevier: "During December a corps of special missionaries, thirty-two in number, labored in the wards of the stake under the direction of the bishoprics and visited every family residing in the stake. Much good came of these visits. In many wards increased attendance is shown at all ward meetings."

Snowflake Stake: "Our stake contributed over \$7,000 to the new academy, kept thirteen missionaries in the field, and paid larger fast offerings than ever before. We have organized the teachers' districts after the suggestions of the Presiding Bishopric, and conditions have improved generally. The High Council have work assigned them in laboring with the Priesthood quorums and auxiliary organizations. Members are also appointed from that body to labor with the ward teachers—one for each ward."

Tooele Stake: "Soon after the beginning of the year the Seventies of the 31st and 43rd quorums were appointed to perform home missionary work in the stake. Since the 4th of April, 1912, when the first visit was made, this work has been performed with great satisfaction."

Uintal Stake: "We have a great deal of cheap land in this stake, and need more good people. We look forward to rapid development during the next few years. We have emphasized the work of the warld teachers."

Ogden Stake: "Of the 919 members of the Priesthood in the stake 896 are enrolled, and 633, or 63%, are actively engaged in the weekly meetings. More than \$8,000 have been paid on the meeting houses in the Sixth, Seventh and Eighth and Pleasant View wards."

Liberty Stake: "All the auxiliary organizations are in good condition. One hundred per cent of the families were visited by the ward teachers during the months of November and December. The ward Priesthood meetings were held at 9 a. m. on Sunday for the last three months of the year. Considering it was a new thing, the innovation was a reasonable success."

Hcme Missionary Work.—In Clearfield, Davis County, the authorities of the Church are doing a good missionary work among the nonmembers as well as the members of the Church. The ward was organized in November, 1907. On canvassing the ward the bishop found that twenty-four adults were non-members of the Church. In forming their teachers' districts and giving each pair of teachers from six to eight families, the bishopric counted also the non-members of the Church just the same as if they had been members of the Church, and instructed the teachers to visit them, only they were not to include them in their Church reports. This is why some of the districts in the ward have only listed four families to every two teachers. These non-members were invited to attend the meetings and the organizations of the Latter-day Saints. The teachers also visited in case of death or sickness, showing that they were interested in their welfare. Two deaths occurred among the non-members, and the members demonstrated by their sympathy and help at the funerals that they were much interested. This was greatly appreciated. When the new meetinghouse was built, not a single non-member solicited, but donated for its erection, and willingly at that. Out of the twenty-four non-members, adults, eighteen have been baptized, and one more has applied for baptism. These converts are among our best tithe-payers, and one young man is now on a mission in New Zealand. The Relief Society followed up the same method that the teachers pursued. The districts for their teachers are formed from the ward teachers districts. They have two teachers or more to each district, including nonmembers of the Church just the same as members, and the results are good. The Deacons follow up in their district by twos gathering the fast offerings. Each pair of Deacons is given a receipt book and they give to each individual a receipt, for collections. They have explained to their non-members the principle of fast offering and some of them are glad to contribute and assist in paying the running expenses of the meetinghouse. A family recently moved into the ward and are much interested in the meetings and doctrines of the gospel. Thus the authorities are endeavoring to accomplish a good missionary work at home, which is quite as essential as missionary work abroad.

President George Osmond, of the Star Valley Stake of Zion, born in London, England, May 23, 1836, died at Montpelier, Idaho, March 25, 1913. He joined the Church in 1850, was called upon a mission immediately, and in 1854 emigrated to New Orleans, and later came to Utah. He lived in Davis and Box Elder counties, and in 1864 went to Bear Lake valley, serving as bishop of Bloomington ward, and later as counselor in the presidency of the Bear Lake Stake. He filled two missions to Great Britain, and in 1892 was called to Star Valley to preside in that stake. In civil life he was justice of the peace, probate judge, and state senator of Wyoming during 1898-99, and 1900-1901.

Mutual Work

The New Traveling Secretary

The creation, by the General Board, of the new office of traveling secretary is one of the most important actions taken in the Young Men's Association in many years. If an athletic director is necessary.

one whose duty it is to look after the sports and amusements of the young men, surely a mental and spiritual director, if we may so speak, is even more necessary, one whose work it will be to direct the intellectual and religious activities of our boys. Indeed, this second office was inevitable on the creation of the first, and was almost presupposed by it.

The duties of the new officer, as already hinted, will be to inspire and guide the higher activities of our young men. It will be his duty to travel from stake to stake in the interest of the M. I. A. He will direct the reading, debating, the class work, and very much of the convention work of the organization. Also he will incidentally



OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

be expected to have something to do with the fund and the circulation of the Improvement Era, for an association, like a man, must live.

The person chosen by the Board to undertake this important work is Oscar A. Kirkham. And a batter man it would hardly be possible to find. It is seldom that we see so complete fitness of the work and the man as we have here. We agree heartily with what Prof. John H. Evans of the L. D. S. U. says of him and his calling in the following:

"Oscar A. Kirkham has unbounded enthusiasm and energy, which he will put into this work. This is his nature. He is not assuming a duty for which he has to pump up an interest. That interest he has always had. The boy problem doesn't bother Oscar Kirkham. He is interested in the boy. And when you are interested in the boy the boy problem vanishes. Contact with this man's wonderful, ardent sympathy for the young men of the Church is all that is needed to start any of them to doing something. The writer heard the other day this compliment to Brother Kirkham, after he had spoken at an M. I. A. gathering: 'You go away feeling ashamed that you haven't done something better in life, and determined to do that something!' "But Oscar Kirkham is not merely enthusiastic and energetic. He

is also intellectual. His judgment is sound. He says good things, things it is worth while to remember. He has for years been connected with one of the best educational institutions in this part of the country—the Latter-day Saints' High School,—where he has come in contact with the best educational thought of the times. He has studied and traveled abroad. He has always been a wide reader. And these qualifications, added to a naturally splendid understanding, warrant us in believing that he will render incalculable service to the Associations in elevating and keeping up the standard of efficiency of our boys in the work to which life has called them.

"The writer is optimistic as to the outcome of this important movement conducted under the supervision of this capable man. But he cannot work alone. He must have help. Let no one stand by with his hands in his pockets looking on to see how the thing will go. This is no time for silence and sloth. Whenever Oscar A. Kirkham comes to your stake or ward, round up your boys and let him touch them

with his magic wand."

Rules for Ward and Stake Athletics

Recommended by the Athletic Committee Y. M. M. I. A.

The ATHLETIC COMMITTEE have adopted, with a few minor changes in wording, the "Athletic Rules of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States," and recommend that all ward and stake athletic activities be governed by the same.

Complete amateur athletic rules may be had at any sporting goods

house.

RULE I. Officials. Section 1. All amateur meetings shall be under the direction of The Athletic Committee, One Referee, Two or more Inspectors, Three Judges at Finish, Three or more Field Judges, Three or more Timekeepers, One Starter, One Clerk of the Course, One Scorer, One Marshal.

Sec. 2. If deemed necessary, assistants may be provided for the Clerk of the Course, the Scorer, and the Marshal, and an Official An-

nouncer may be appointed.

RULE II. The Athletic Committee shall consist of members of Y. M. M. I. A. chosen by ward or stake M. I. A. officers. This committee shall have jurisdiction of all matters not assigned by these rules to the Referee or other games officials.

RULE III. The Referee shall decide all questions relating to the actual conduct of the meeting, whose final settlement is not otherwise

covered by these rules.

He alone shall have the power to change the order of events as laid down in the official programme, and to add to or to alter the announced arrangement of heats in any event. A referee has no authority, after heats have been duly drawn and published in a programme, to transfer a contestant from one heat to another.

When in any but the final heat of a race, a claim of foul or interference is made, he shall have the power to disqualify the competitor who was at fault, if he considers the foul intentional or due to culpable carelessness, and shall also have the power to allow the hindered competitor to start in the next round of heats, just as if he had been placed

in his trial.

When, in a final heat, a claim of foul or interference is made, he shall have the power to disqualify the competitor who was at fault, if he considers the foul intentional or due to culpable carelessness, and he shall also have the power to order a new race between such of the competitors as he thinks entitled to such a privilege.

If, during any athletic contest under the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union, a competitor shall conduct himself in a manner unbecoming a gentleman, or offensive to the officials, spectators or competitors, the referee shall have the power to disqualify him from further competition at the meeting.

RULE IV. The Inspectors. It shall be the duty of an Inspector to stand at such point as the Referee may designate; to watch the competition closely, and in case of a claim of foul to report to the Referee

what he saw of the incident.

Such Inspectors are merely assistants to the Referee, to whom they

shall report, and have no power to make any decisions.

RULE V. The Judges at Finish shall determine the order of finishing of contestants and shall arrange among themselves as to noting the winner, second, third, fourth, etc., as the case may require.

Their decision in this respect shall be without appeal, and in case

of disagreement a majority shall govern.

RULE VI. The Field Judges shall make an accurate measurement, and keep a tally of all competitors in the high and broad jumps, the pole vault, the weight competitions and the tug of war.

They shall act as judges of these events, and their decisions, as to facts, shall likewise be without appeal. In case of disagreement a ma-

jority shall govern.

RULE VII. The Timekeepers shall be three in number. They shall individually time all events where time record is required, and determine among themselves and announce the official time of each heat or race.

Should two of the three watches mark the same time and the third disagree, the time marked by the two watches shall be accepted. Should all three disagree, the time marked by the intermediate watch shall be

The flash of the pistol shall denote the actual time of starting.

If, for any reason, only two watches record the time of an event, and they fail to agree, the longest time of the two shall be accepted.

Note.—For record, however, three watches must be held on an event. See Rule IV.. General Rules of the Amateur Athletic Union. Rule VIII. The Starter shall have sole jurisdiction over the com-RULE VIII. petitors after the Clerk of the Course has promptly placed them in their positions for the start.

The method of starting shall be by pistol report, except that in time handicap races the word "go" shall be used.

An actual start shall not be effected until the pistol has been purposely discharged after the competitors have been warned to get ready. In case the pistol was not purposely discharged the competitors shall be called back by the starter by pistol fire.

Note.—The starter must have at least two good cartridges in his

pistol before starting a heat.

When any part of the person of a competitor shall touch the ground in front of his mark before the starting signal is given, it shall be considered a false start.

Penalties for false starting shall be inflicted by the Starter, as follows:

In all races up to and including 125 yards the competitor shall be put back one yard for the first and another yard for the second attempt; in races over 125 yards and including 300 yards, two yards for the first and two more for the second attempt; in races over 300 yards and including 600 yards, three yards for the first and and three more for the second attempt; in races over 600 yards and including 1,000 yards, four yards for the first and four more for the second attempt; in races over 1,000 yards and including one mile, five yards for the first and five more for the second attempt; in all races over one mile, ten yards for the first and ten more for the second attempt. In all cases the third false start shall disqualify the offender from that event.

The starter shall also rule out of that event any competitor who

attempts to advance himself from his mark, as prescribed in the official programme after the starter has given the warning to "get ready."

RULE IX. The Clerk of the Course shall be provided with the names and the numbers of all entered competitors, and he shall notify them to appear at the starting line before the start in each event in

which they are entered.

In case of handicap events from marks, he shall place each competitor behind his proper mark; shall immediately notify the Starter should any competitor attempt to advance himself after the Starter has warned them to "get ready;" and in time allowance handicaps shall furnish the Starter with the number and time allowance of each actual competitor. He shall control his assistants, and assign to them such duties as he may deem proper. In all track competition run in lanes the choice of lanes shall be drawn for in each heat; in all other track competitions the positions shall be numbered from the curb or pole and shall be drawn for according to clubs in scratch events, and in handicap events the competitors shall be allotted their positions by the Clerk of the Course.

RULE XI. The Scorer shall record the order in which each competitors finishes his event, together with the time furnished him by the Timekeepers. He shall keep a tally of the laps made by each competitor in races covering more than one lap, and shall announce by means of a bell, or otherwise, when the leading man enters the last dap. He shall control his assistants, and assign to them such of his duties as he may deem proper.

RULE XII. The Marshal shall have full police charge of the en-

closure, and shall prevent any but officials and actual competitors from entering or remaining therein. He shall control his assistants, and assign to them their duties.

RULE XIII. The Official Announcer shall receive from the Scorer and Field Judges the result of each event, and announce the same by

voice, or by means of a bulletin board.

Rule XIV. Trainers and handlers shall not be allowed within the center field or inner field, or on the track immediately prior to or during competitions at any meeting except in distance races of five miles

RULE XV. Competitors shall report to the Clerk of the Course immediately upon their arrival at the place of meeting, and shall be provided by that official with their proper numbers, which must be worn conspicuously by the competitors when competing, and without which they shall not be allowed to start.

Each competitor shall inform himself of the time of starting, and shall be promptly at the starting point of each competition in which

he is entered, and there report to the Clerk of the Course.

Under no condition shall any attendants be allowed to accompany competitors at the start or during any competition, except in match races, where special agreement may be made.

RULE XVI. Protests against any entered competitor may be made verbally or in writing to the Athletic Committee or any member thereof before the meeting, or to the Referee during the meeting. If possible, the Committee or Referee shall decide such protests at once. If the nature of the protest or the necessity of obtaining testimony prevents an immediate decision, the competitor shall be allowed to

compete under protest, and the protest shall be decided by the Athletic

Committee within one week.

RULE XVII. Track Measurement. All distances run or walked shall be measured upon a line eighteen inches outward from the inner edge of the track, except that in races on straightaway tracks the distances shall be measured in a direct line from the starting mark to the

finishing line.

RULE XVIII. The Course. Each competitor shall keep in his respective position from start to finish in all races on straightaway tracks, and in all races on tracks with one or more turns he shall not cross to the inner edge of the track, except when he is at least six feet in advance of his nearest competitor. After turning the last corner into the straight in any race, each competitor must keep a straight course to the finish line, and not cross, either to the outside or the inside, in front of any of his opponents.

In all championship races of the Amateur Athletic Union, or any of it sassociations, at any distance under and including 300 yards, each competitor shall have a separate course, properly roped, staked and measured, whether the race be run on a straight path or around one or

more curves.

The Referee shall disqualify from that event any competitor who wilfully pushes against, impedes, crosses the course of, or in any way

interferes with another competitor.

The Referee shall disqualify from further participation in the games any contestant competing to lose, to coach, or to in any way impede the chances of another competitor either in a trial or final contest.

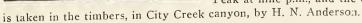
(TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER)

M. I. A. Scouts.—One of the wards doing active scout work among the boys of the Mutual Improvement Association is the



Thirty-second ward, of Pioneer Stake, Salt Lake City. Though a small ward, they have there many enthusiastic supporters among the boys. The pictures were taken on one of their night "hikes" to Ensign Peak. The boys left the Eagle Gate at seven p. m. and figured on returning at ten. They have two patrols organized under the care of Scout Leader Andrew A. Anderson, and Assistant

Scout Leader Bruno Lange. Both of the leaders attended a series of instructions given in the Deseret Gymnasium for the benefit of the scout leaders and organizers, and have found the lessons given there to be of great value in their work. The pictures were taken by flash-The first is on Ensign Peak at nine p.m., and the other



Passing Events

The Last Building in Far West, Missouri, where the "Mormons" once contemplated the erection of a temple, was destroyed about March 15 of this year.

Scutari was Captured on April 23 by the Montenegrin army, which continued to battle after the fall of Adrianople and the practical surrender of the Turks. On the following day Austria, in a note to the Powers, asked that they compel Montenegro to give up Scutari, or Austria would compel them to do so alone. The Powers, on May 5, prevailed upon King Nicholas, who first stated that he would never give up what he had won in war, to evacuate. The Montenegrin soldiers, as a protest, fired a large portion of the city.

Adrianople Fell into the Hands of the Bulgars and Servians on March 26, after a siege by the allies and a heroic defense by the Turks of over five months under Shukri Pasha. King Ferdinand of Bulgaria entered the city on the 28th and reviewed his victorious troops. Thirty thousand troops were taken by the Bulgars, who lost fourteen thousand killed and wounded on the last day of the siege. The Turks will abide by the decision of the Powers in relation to the reconstruction of Turkey in Europe. All the possessions of the Turks except Constantinople will probably be given over and the Turk practically driven into Asia.

Japan Protested to the State Department on April 12 against the enactment of the proposed "Anti-Alien Land Ownership Law" in California. A week later President Wilson, through Secretary of State Bryan, urged the California legislature to make the proposed law less objectionable to the Japanese. Later it was decided to send Secretary Bryan to California to confer with the state legislature on the matter; on April 28, he addressed the lawmakers, advising delay to allow the State Department to make a new treaty with Japan, but the bill was passed against his advice on April 30. California explains that "white supremacy and the American standard of living are at stake;" Japan replies that "the issue is one of discrimination and reflects upon our national honor."

John Beck died in Salt Lake City on April 2. He was born March 19, 1843, at Kurtenburg, Germany. He was converted to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in 1860, and emigrated to America in 1861, crossing the plains in an ox-cart. He first settled at Lehi and later in Sevier county, where he lost all he had in the Indian war. He began mining in 1870, and was the discoverer of the famous Bullion-Beck mine which made several millionaires. He aided in the development of many other mines and enterprises, and settled in Salt Lake City in 1890, where he resided until his death.

Hannah C. Free Wells, widow of the late Daniel H. Wells, and mother of Junius F. Wells, died in Salt Lake City, March 5. She was born in Bellville, St. Clair county, Illinois, June 9, 1829. She joined the Church at the age of fourteen years, moved to Nauvoo in 1845, from whence she was driven with the other Saints in '47. Mrs. Wells was a most lovable and amiable woman, always full of good cheer, wit and delightful conversation. While she took no leading part in public life, except in the local Relief Society and other organizations, and in temple work, she made life pleasant for those about her. Her home was open to friends and visitors, and she made it a place where all who abode rejoiced and all who came went away delighted. She was true to the faith, and she scattered cheer and sunshine wherever she went.

Pctato-Growing.—In this issue of the Era there is an announcement of prizes and a trophy-cup for potato contests to help develop the raising of potatoes. The National Copper Bank last year instituted a potato-growing competition, giving a prize to the boy under eighteen who raised the best potatoes. This will be continued this year. A cash prize of one hundred dollars is offered, also a silver trophy-cup upon which the name of the winner each year, with his address, will be engraved. If a boy wins the cup three years in succession he is entitled to keep it permanently, and a new one will be offered afterwards. in its place. The winners of second and third places will also be recognized, as will the leading contestant from each county. Instructions relating to the subjects will be furnished by application to the bank officials, and we advise all who enter to write immediately, as these instructions contain some excellent points on potato raising, and particularly relating to diseases. There are also instructions on how to "green" potatoes, which is a means of causing them to sprout under certain proper conditions before they are planted. Instructions regarding this very interesting process will be furnished to any applicant entering the contest. Disinfecting the seed and the nature of different diseases are subjects also treated. The growing of potatoes should be encouraged. Utah stands far down in the list among the states in the total vield of potatoes. Only two acres out of every hundred of our cultivated lands are now planted in this useful vegetable, though at the present time our annual crop is over two million bushels.

The fruit men of Utah have been forced, due to adverse business conditions, to co-operate. Mr. J. Arthur Reid, who was brought to the state by the Extension Division of the Agricultural College last February, in a series of Farmers' Institutes, held by the Extension Division in Logan, Brigham City, Ogden, Provo and Salt Lake City, outlined the method of organization which has made California's fruit industry the model of the world in a business way. Along these lines, the fruit men proceeded during the following weeks and brought on from California Mr. C. D. Adams, to aid in perfecting their organiza-

tion. They seem in earnest, and undoubtedly will mature a co-operative plan well adapted to handling the rapidly increasing fruit business of the state. Co-operation is an old idea. Applied to modern business conditions it is a thing designed to quite revolutionize especially agricultural practice. Modern agriculture has demonstrated the absolute necessity of co-operation and the farmers of Utah are learning again the old principle taught them in Utah's early history, and from which they departed. Co-operation is an idea of broad sweep, and undoubtedly will soon be applied to many departments of our agriculture, especially along the lines of co-operative selling, co-operation for the obtaining of insurance, co-operation for the obtaining of credit. and in other fields not yet easily discernible. As it affects the fruit industry at the present time, it emphasizes several important facts: first, that the foundation of success in the fruit business depends primarily upon scientific culture; second, upon honest packing, and third, upon conservative manipulation of the marketable product as opposed to desultory orchard practice, slovenly and even dishonest, packing, and speculative marketing. For many years, some growers in the state have been placing wormy or cull-apples in the bottom of the box, and two good rows on top. They have by such practice blighted the name of the state from a horticultural standpoint. They have been unfair to themselves and unfair to their neighbors. Some have not propertly studied their trees, and their soils, in order to determine an honest output from each individual tree. Some have hoped for fabulous returns, and have been willing to resort to mean business practice in order to coerce large returns. This last fault, however, is more to be placed at the door of a few speculators, not among the growers. The fruit men are firmly convinced that something must be done, and done quickly, and their work in the state today is work which will long be remembered. It will be a prominent part of the agricultural history of the state. The opposition they are meeting should act only as a stimulant to greater endeavor. They are on the right track and will succeed if they keep their business clean and free from taint of favoritism and speculation.

The Utah Chautauqua will hold its third annual session in Glenwood Park, Ogden, July 17 to 27. That this institution will maintain its high educational standard this year is evidenced by the names which appear on its program: Dr. Charles Zueblin, Prof. McKeever of Kansas, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Mrs. Ida B. Cole of the Chautauqua institution, Colonel Bain and Dr. Ira Landeith of Tennessee. Music will be furnished by the Imperial Quartet, the Salt Lake Symphony Orchestra and others. Pioneer Day will be celebrated under the leadership of Apostle David O. McKay and will end with a presentation of "A Mid-summer Night's Dream," by Miss Maud May Babcock and the dramatic club of the University of Utah. A complete program may be obtained upon application to Dr. E. P. Mills, secretary, Ogden, Utah.

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Elder Georgius Y. Cannon, writing from Chemnitz, Germany, says: "We have only commendation for the Era, and read it with the greatest of interest, and wish you continued success."

- D. Rello Harris, Pittsburg, Pa.: "We succeeded in our recent trip in securing several subscribers to our valuable magazine, the Improvement Era. We say valuable because we mean it. It is worth its weight in gold both at home and abroad."
- Y. M. M. I. A. Officers should remember the M. I. A. Conference, June 6, 7, 8. Three days of educational activity which no up-to-date officer should miss. Look for the program in the "Deseret News," or ask your stake superintendent.

Improvement Era, June, 1913

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